

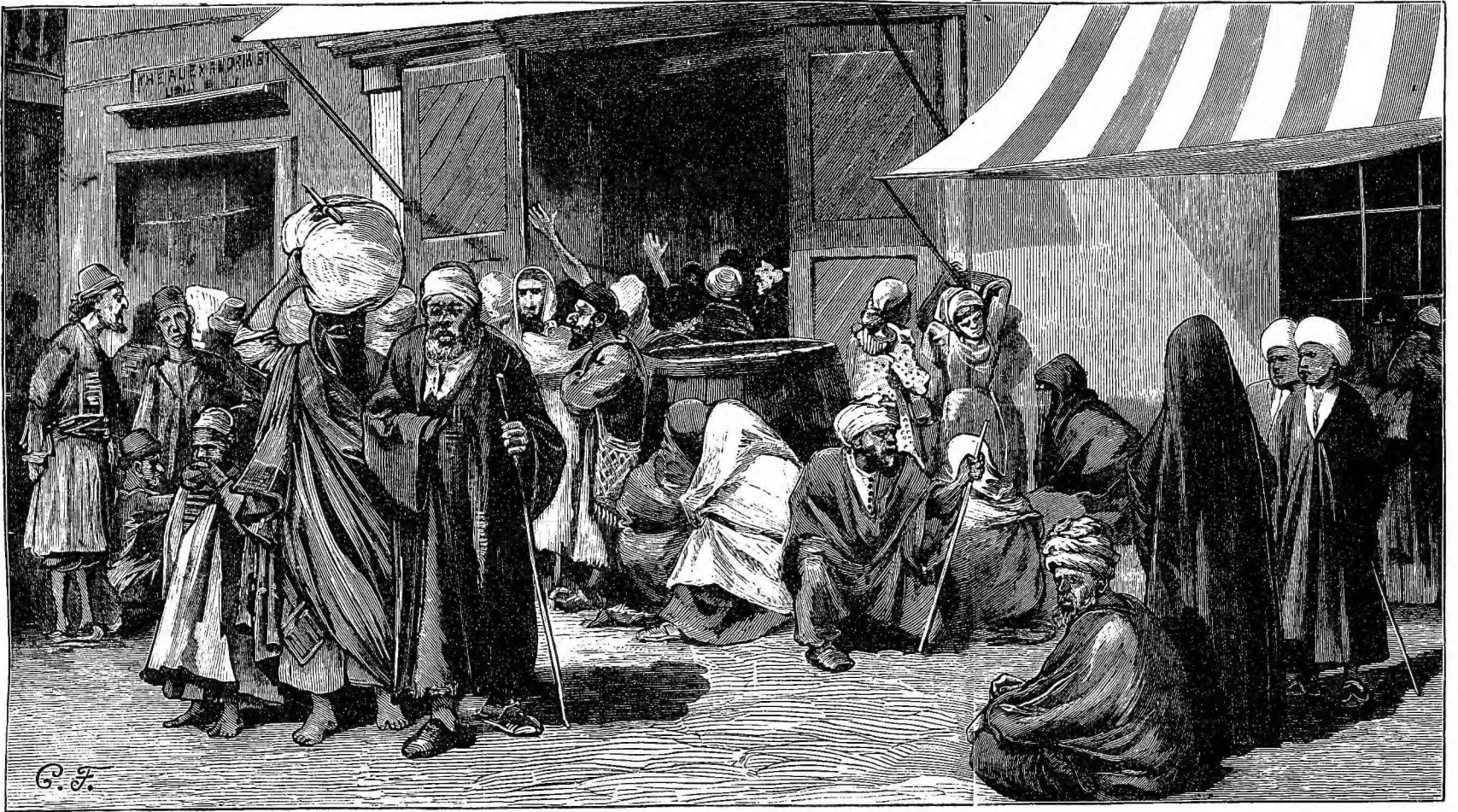
# THE GEOGRAPHIC

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## Topics of the Week

**TURKEY AND ENGLAND.**—Turkish statesmen complain bitterly of the manner in which they have been treated by England during the present crisis; but it must be admitted by every impartial observer that they have themselves to blame. They have been playing a very deep game in Egypt, and they have not played it well. While nominally anxious for the re-establishment of order, the Sultan has intrigued incessantly with the military party; and he conferred a coveted distinction on Arabi at the very time when, if his professions had been sincere, he would have associated himself most decisively with English policy. In these circumstances England was perfectly justified in demanding that before despatching troops to Egypt he should proclaim Arabi a rebel. We might have been placed in a difficult position if he had intervened without complying with this demand, on the ground that he was giving effect to the mandate of Europe. Fortunately, Europe adopted the same view of the necessities of the situation as England, so that he had no alternative but to conform to our conditions or to act on his own responsibility. On the whole, whatever may be the terms to which the Sultan may assent, it would be infinitely better if we could accomplish our purpose without his aid. It is almost incredible that he would co-operate with us in a perfectly loyal spirit. He sees that the Ottoman Empire in Europe has been undermined, and that his utmost energy and wisdom will be needed to prevent its destruction. All the evidence goes to show that his intention is, if possible, to strengthen himself by extending his authority in Northern Africa; and the accomplishment of that object would, of course, be fatal both to the progress of the Egyptian people, and to the interests of England and of Europe. In the course of impending events his action will have to be watched closely; and we may congratulate ourselves if we are not in some instances overreached by the devices of Oriental diplomacy.

**THE ARREARS BILL.**—Those who believe that the axioms of political economy (in other words, the irresistible tendencies of human nature) cannot be violated with impunity, must feel but scant respect for the Arrears Bill. Lord Derby, whose common-sense intellect naturally revolts from a remedy which offers a premium to shiftlessness and dishonesty, damned it with very faint praise on Monday night. Nevertheless he made up his mind to pass it as it stood. Then comes the question whether his former colleagues would not have done wisely to act in like manner. The Bill may, in the opinion of the Conservative Peers, be a bad Bill, but they accepted its principle when they passed the second reading. Under its provisions, the landlords may get some of their back rents, while the Government, who in such matters ought to possess more accurate information than the non-official world, declare that outrages will become rarer in proportion as evictions are lessened. On the other hand, Lord Salisbury contends that if he cannot prevent the passage of a Bill which is, in his opinion, objectionable, it is within his right as well as his duty to try and make it less objectionable, and that his proposed amendments do not touch the vital principle of the Bill. This assertion of Lord Salisbury's may, we think, be conceded concerning the second amendment, which demands that the value of the tenant-right should be reckoned as an asset when dealing with the arrears of rent. Otherwise, a tenant might, after being relieved of his arrears, sell his tenant-right, and pocket the proceeds. As a large number of Liberals in the House of Commons, including Mr. Bright, have already admitted the injustice of such an arrangement, the Government might wisely adopt this proposal, whatever the Home Rule phalanx may say. But the first amendment, which gives the landlord the option of refusing to compound for the arrears of rent due to him, stands on a very different footing. This practically means that the landlord and tenant must come into Court together hand in hand or not at all. The alteration may be an improvement, but, inasmuch as it deprives the Bill of its compulsory character, it completely changes the intention of its promoters, and therefore the Government may be expected unconditionally to reject Lord Salisbury's first amendment.

**RUTHENIAN CONSPIRATORS.**—The miscellaneous nature of the company which joined in the Hunting of the Snark can have escaped the notice of no thoughtful student. The Baker, the Beaver, the Bellman, the Butcher, the Bonnet-maker were but a few of the sporting characters. In Ruthenian circles the love of conspiracy seems equally to affect all classes of the population. Eleven Ruthenes have just been tried for high treason, and for plotting to sever Galicia, Bukovina, and Northern Hungary from the Austrian Empire. Among these children of freedom and champions of Ruthenian nationality was a priest, a chorister boy, a newspaper editor, and a bootmaker. This accounts for four of the Ruthenian eleven, and it may be surmised that in the other seven were a glazier, a coppersmith, a photographer's young man, an electrician, a dentist, a bottlemaker, and an aesthete. The priest, chorister boy, bootmaker, and editor have been sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, with a fast once a fortnight. This is peculiarly rough on the chorister boy,

probably a growing lad with a healthy appetite. Editors dine out too much (much more than the humble but meritorious class of mere leading article writers), and an occasional fast may even do an editor good. But the priest, if a devout and orthodox man, will be accustomed to fasting much more frequently than once a fortnight.

**FRENCH IDEAS OF WAR.**—A correspondent of the *Daily News*, describing the present temper of Frenchmen as he himself has observed it, expressed his conviction the other day that a profound change has passed over their opinions respecting war. The very idea of war, he asserted, has become abhorrent to them; and his opinion seems to be that they may be trusted henceforth to be always opposed to any Minister who proclaims a warlike policy. He may be right, but it would be exceedingly dangerous to assume that he is so. After all, it may be doubted whether the French nation as a whole has ever delighted in war for its own sake. Even Louis XIV. often found it exceedingly difficult to bring together his vast armies, and it is well known that the majority of the population were dragged against their will into the late fatal war with Germany. When France has fought with enthusiasm (as in the Revolutionary wars) she has fought for definite objects; and it has to be proved that she would not fight with as much enthusiasm as ever if she were again persuaded that the end would be worth the sacrifice. A nation does not change the most essential qualities of its character in a single generation, or even in several generations; and in great crises France has always hitherto manifested a resolute determination to maintain what she conceives to be her honour and her vital interests. Before the Crimean War all the world took for granted that England would never again draw the sword; and a similar belief seems to have prevailed since the downfall of Lord Beaconsfield. The Powers will probably take good care not to commit a like mistake with regard to France. She is pacific now, but that is because she has no particular reason to be otherwise. If she were confronted by a grave peril, we may be tolerably confident that she would show (as has often been shown before) that Republics can be at least as warlike as Kingdoms and Empires.

**CETEWAYO IN ENGLAND.**—It is to be hoped that the Government will manage that Cetewayo should see something of the sights of this country without the necessity of vulgar lionisation. It would solve one difficulty if, like some foreigners, the ex-Zulu monarch were to take such a fancy to life in this "tight little island" as to prefer staying here altogether. But it is likely that the first winter here would unsettle his resolution, if it did not settle himself. Seriously, we hope that the noble savage will be well on his homeward route before the October fogs darken the sky. It is not easy to understand the policy which brings Cetewayo to this country. We can, of course, understand that personally he is pleased to come. Nothing is more irksome to the habits of a semi-civilised man like Cetewayo than the comfortable captivity which our policy allots to such foes as he was; and, after the monotony of his existence in Cape Colony, no doubt he was glad of anything for a change. Besides, being ignorant of the complicated contrivances of our constitutional machine, he probably believes that the Queen is very powerful, and that, if he can but put his case before Her Majesty personally, she will become as warm a friend as that charming Lady Florence Dixie. We hope he will be more lucky than those poor Maories, who came the other day all the way from New Zealand to state their grievances, were never admitted to an interview with Her Majesty, and were dismissed with a polite snub from Lord Kimberley. In dealing with semi-savages (King Theodore of Abyssinia, for example), Englishmen are sometimes apt, with the best intentions, to assume a "haw-haw" style, which causes them to be cordially disliked. We owe a great responsibility both to Cetewayo and his countrymen. We made war upon him, and upset his system of government, since when Zululand has been more or less in a state of anarchy. We do not say that the restoration of Cetewayo would be a cure for these evils, and, on the whole, we would in such a matter sooner take the opinion of a responsible official like Sir Henry Bulwer, than of well-intentioned persons like Bishop Colenso, who are free from responsibility. Anyhow, it is to be hoped that some practical good to Zululand, if not to the ex-King himself, may result from his visit here.

**A CAT AND DWARF FIGHT.**—Even in this age of journalistic enterprise, when a column is filled with a telegram about a "tough old engine" and two trucks at Alexandria, the world cannot quite have forgotten the *Daily Telegraph's* Man and Dog fight. The battle between Brummy and the dog, described by a veracious correspondent, was a drawn match, at least neither animal died on the field of honour. A cat and dwarf fight at Beaupré-sur-Saône has had a more melancholy and decisive conclusion. A showman, named Lumeau, has been arrested at Lille for exhibiting a form of sport decidedly more exciting than pigeon-shooting, and worthy of Roman days, when a young British captive was set to combat a lion cub. Lumeau had bought a dwarf, only twenty-five inches in height, from the father of the interesting specimen. It occurred to Lumeau to paint some cats like tigers, and to exhibit the dwarf as a Tiger-killer of the Jungle. The cats acted their

role too realistically, like Mr. Macready when he, as Othello, nearly strangled Miss Fanny Kemble, as Desdemona. But the poor little dwarf by no means found his "a part to tear a cat in." On the other hand, the cats tore him, and he died of his wounds. There has hitherto been a kind of friendly connection between cats and dwarfs. The mythology of the nursery has no more awful figure than that of the lover of the Princess Frutilla, the Yellow Dwarf, mounted on a black cat, his favourite charger. If the story is proved, we may trust that Lumeau's punishment will be exemplary enough to terrify other traffickers in dwarfs and giants into mercy.

**EAST AND WEST.**—The theory of the English Government in their present policy in Egypt is that Arabi is a mere adventurer, and that he cares nothing for the welfare of the Egyptian people. That is possibly true; but it would be unfair to deny that, in spite of himself, he represents in a rude way a sentiment which prevails largely, not only in Egypt, but in almost all Eastern countries. Orientals are slow to form an opinion as to the tendency of passing events, but they seem at last to have awakened to the conviction that the independence of the East is being steadily threatened by the encroachments of Western races. The struggle has long been going on, sometimes when its significance has not been understood; and now the issue is apparently to be finally determined. Probably Egypt will, in a political sense, receive a larger measure of freedom than she has ever enjoyed; but it is certain that, when the present troubles have been disposed of, she will become more and more subject to European ideas and manners. The same thing may be said of other Oriental countries whose inhabitants are awaiting eagerly the approaching collision of the contending forces. That the ultimate result will be for the benefit of mankind must, we suppose, be assumed; but it would be mere vanity to assert that the complete displacement of Eastern by Western civilisation will be a process attended by no disadvantages. The social condition of Europe, and even of Great Britain, is by no means so near perfection that we can afford to look forward cheerfully to the reproduction of our modes of life among peoples who have hitherto had totally different traditions. If they too know what it is to struggle for existence, they have not, as a rule, the extravagant European greed for gain; they are more easily contented than we; and they possess the consolations of religions in which they have more than a nominal faith. This state of things is apparently destined to pass away; but we ought not to be surprised if the East, when its enthusiasm is kindled, fights with more than its usual ardour in support of the old order.

**THE MEDICAL PREPARATIONS FOR THE CAMPAIGN.**—In ancient days the services of the doctor in time of war were little regarded, and surgery, rude and barbarous enough at home, was still ruder and more barbarous on the field of battle. Soldiers died of, or recovered from, their wounds and sicknesses with some tendance, more or less rough, from their comrades, but with little help from the professional leech. Even in the great wars of the early part of this century medical appliances were but lightly regarded. The First Napoleon was not remarkable for his humanity, he was addicted to forced marches, and, as his aim was not to win a barren victory, but to crush his enemy completely, he was wont to follow up a battle with such rapid movements as necessarily left the wounded comparatively forgotten and uncared-for. He would probably have looked with some contempt on a proposal to make the medical staff of his armies as numerous as is now deemed necessary. Our forces in Egypt, when all landed, including the Indian contingent, will amount to the strength of an ordinary Army Corps, say, about 36,000 men, and for these, when on active service in the field, the military regulations provide a medical staff consisting of 1,746 officers and men, 304 vehicles, and 940 horses. Presuming that our troops meet no other enemies in the field save the Egyptians, the chances are that sickness rather than wounds will principally engage the attention of our doctors. The change is very great from chilly England to Egypt at the hottest and most malarious season, when the waters of the Nile are out, while the blazing hot days and comparatively cold nights are almost sure to produce an abundant crop of ophthalmia. With such a condition of affairs on shore the nearness of the sea will be a great blessing, as the floating hospitals, which were found of such advantage in China and during the Ashantee campaign, will be once more adopted, while patients fit to be removed, but unfit for immediate active service, will be sent either to Cyprus, Malta, or England. It is well that "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and that each man thinks his neighbour will suffer rather than himself, for it is morally certain, if the campaign lasts even for a few months, that no small proportion of those fine fellows whose departure from the Docks we have been cheering so lustily, will ere long be prostrated either by wounds or sickness, or will have vanished altogether from the busy scene.

**FRANCE AND EGYPT.**—It is curious how completely the majority of English correspondents in Paris misunderstood the effect that would be produced in this country by the vote of the French Chamber regarding intervention in Egypt. They assumed that England would be indignant, and some of them even talked of a possible rupture between the two nations. In reality, the vote was cordially approved of by almost all Englishmen, and especially by those



Englishmen who attribute much importance to the maintenance of the Anglo-French alliance. England and France have been good friends for many years, and excellent results in all parts of the world have sprung from their cordial relations. But it may be questioned whether their friendship could have stood the strain of a common undertaking in a country which excites the most intense international jealousies. At any rate, England will be able to act with far more freedom and vigour than she could have done in association with France. It is possible that Frenchmen over-rate the danger of immediate complications with other Powers; but that there would be some danger of such complications if France were to follow a bold, independent policy, there can be no doubt; and it would be foolish to incur so serious a risk unless she had the prospect of securing solid advantages which could not be obtained otherwise. In the present instance she had nothing to gain by going with us to the Suez Canal. England has no intention of fighting for an idea, nor is her action in any sense disinterested; but there is nothing in her aims which conflicts with the interests either of France or of any other State. On the contrary, by restoring order in Egypt, we shall confer a direct benefit on the whole civilised world, opening the country more effectually than it has ever been opened to the activity of every one who chooses to take part in the development of its resources. This is all that France can fairly ask, or that she has in her existing mood any disposition to ask; and she has displayed commendable prudence in finally shaping her policy in accordance with her needs.

**THE INDIAN CONTINGENT.**—Politics, like pawnbroking, is a case-hardening trade, and elderly politicians, it may be presumed, grow very callous. Otherwise, one would expect Mr. Gladstone to be filled with shame and remorse for the abuse which only a few years ago he showered so abundantly upon poor Lord Beaconsfield. Violently and passionately he denounced the monstrous proposal to bring Indian Sepoys to fight our battles in Europe, while, as for employing them and letting India pay the cost, "it would be a depredation and a swindle." Yes, these were the very words, not of some hysterical and irresponsible old lady, but of that "grand old man," who, for our sins, national and otherwise, is now Prime Minister of England. Yet, after all it seems that there was a Jingo concealed under the Premier's Quaker-like outer integument. The "grand old man" is going to despatch a contingent from India, partly European and partly Sepoy, to join in the Egyptian campaign, and he hints pretty plainly through his henchman, Lord Hartington, that India ought to pay the cost. Putting aside the inconsistency between the Gladstone of then and the Gladstone of now, the Government, on the whole, deserve to be commended for their decision in this matter, though they ought to have made up their minds sooner. It is good that the people of India (although unrepresented as far as ballot-boxes are concerned) should feel that they are really and not merely nominally fellow-citizens with the inhabitants of these remote islands; and it is also good that England should show that she is in no sense attacking the Moslem faith by her endeavour to restore order in Egypt. There will be Moslems among the British troops, and they will probably be at least as worthy representatives of Mohammedanism as any of the adherents of Arabi Pasha.

**NEW WORDS.**—Is "scientist" a word which a scholar and a gentleman may use without a blush? We incline, with a reviewer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to think the term "objectionable," though "objectionable" is a word to which there are manifest objections. "Scientist" is one of those American coinages like "songist" for "singer," "swimmist" for "swimmer," and the rest, which should be left to cheap comic writers. If people are too lazy to say "philosopher" or "man of science," or, with Captain Costigan, "scientific cyaracter," they might take refuge in the decent obscurity of a foreign tongue, and say *savant*. "Wiseacre," though old, is discredited. "Educationist," meaning a person who addresses the Social Science Congress on questions of the theory of education, is another bad new word. It was first employed, to our knowledge, by the cruel criminal who, many years ago, beat his pupil to death with the wooden end of a skipping-rope. We do not prefer words which come from a school like that spoken of by the immortal waiter to David Copperfield; a school where "they killed a boy—with whopping." Mr. Squeers is an evil patron saint of "educationists," who, after all, are seldom anything worse than prigs. Another novel word is "flagging." Our soldiers began to "flag" as soon as they were on board the ships that are conveying them to the land of Khemi, which is an old name for Egypt. To "flag" now means not to slacken and grow faint on the way, but to signal by means of flags. The last new words are "practical and scientific milling." Medals are offered, with the approval of the South Kensington Commissioners, for proficiency in this sport, yet none of them are likely to decorate the manly breast of Professor Donnelly. For "scientific milling" is not sparring, and no pugilist can hope for success in "prosecuting his studies in the mechanics and chemistry of milling."

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A HOLIDAY ON THE THAMES. Ten Sketches. By J. C. DOLMAN.  
TOURISTS IN JAPAN. Seven Sketches. By H. P. ABELL.  
HOLIDAYS IN INDIA. Five Sketches. By W. WILSON.

Also an EXTRA PLATE from a Painting by C. GREEN, entitled  
**SUMMER GOODS.**  
The whole of these  
**60 ILLUSTRATIONS**  
Are PRINTED in COLOURS.  
THE FOLLOWING are the STORIES:—  
MOUNTAIN MYSTERIES.  
HIS MAJESTY'S BARBER.  
THE MAID OF MOYTURA.  
THE SIREN.  
ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND  
AUNT OR NIECE.  
&c.  
OFFICE: 190, STRAND, LONDON.



### THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA

UNDER this generic heading may be conveniently grouped together the pictures which are comprised in one of our double-page engravings, although some of the incidents depicted refer, as our readers will perceive, to a period subsequent to the actual assault on the Egyptian forts.

Before describing the illustrations in question it is worth while to note a point of some interest. The general impression conveyed by the early accounts of the bombardment was that the Egyptian artillery was unskilfully served, and that if it had been in the hands of experienced gunners far more execution would have been done. This view is not borne out by Admiral Seymour's official report, which has just been made public. Speaking of the Egyptian armament, he says, "These guns are precisely the same as those which H.M.S. ships carry, and no better muzzle-loading guns could be found. They were abundantly, even lavishly, supplied with projectiles of the latest description, and the sighting of the guns was excellent. It is quite impossible for me to account for the very small loss sustained by H.M.'s ships on this occasion, considering the amount of shot and shell which struck them, and the injuries inflicted on their hulls."

Now for our engravings. "A Lucky Shot" represents the blowing-up of the Meks powder magazines by a shell from the *Monarch*. The excitement of the sailors was wonderful. Every shot that told was greeted with clapping, while the unhappy gunner who fired short or wide was the victim of good-humoured chaff. Another engraving shows the upper deck of the *Monarch* during the bombardment. These two engravings are from sketches by an officer on board that vessel.

Fort Marabout, and its neighbour, Fort Adjeni, were among the strongest of the Egyptian forts, and guarded the entrance to the harbour of Alexandria. It was the arming of these two forts which led to the bombardment. Our sketch (by an officer of the *Achilles*) represents these forts in the act of hauling down their flag and surrendering to H.M.S. *Achilles*. They had rehoisted the Egyptian flag after the bombardment, and on the following Friday were summoned to surrender by the *Achilles* and the *Téméraire*. The cutter of the *Achilles* appears in the foreground, bearing a flag of truce.

Seven other sketches are by an officer of marines. One shows the second outpost in the British line of defences round the city. The building on the left is an old tower which terminates the old ramparts towards Gabarra. On the right is a large empty granary, which was used as quarters for the pickets. A second depicts some of the natives arrested by the sentries who were thrown out by the picket, for being out after dark, or for attempting to enter empty houses. The third sketch shows the carts which had been carrying materials for entrenching up to the posts at Pompey's Pillar Gate and Rosetta Gate, and which are now seen returning to the harbour.

The fourth sketch was taken in the Arsenal, where there is a large post of the Naval Brigade. The prisoners were rather fine men, dressed in sky-blue uniforms. On the right of the sketch is a dead body on a truck, which the prisoners had to bury. Another sketch shows Arabi Pasha's bedroom in his house in the Arsenal, at present occupied by officers of the Navy and Marines. The next is an Egyptian gunner being brought in under an escort of Marines. He was the last man left in Fort Aida during the bombardment, all his comrades being killed, and himself wounded in the leg. He was a head taller than his escort, none of whom were by any means small men. The last sketch depicts a scene that was hourly taking place at the Tribunal in the Grand Square. All suspected looters were sent in there by the pickets for examination, and they were either shot or received three or four dozen with the "cat."

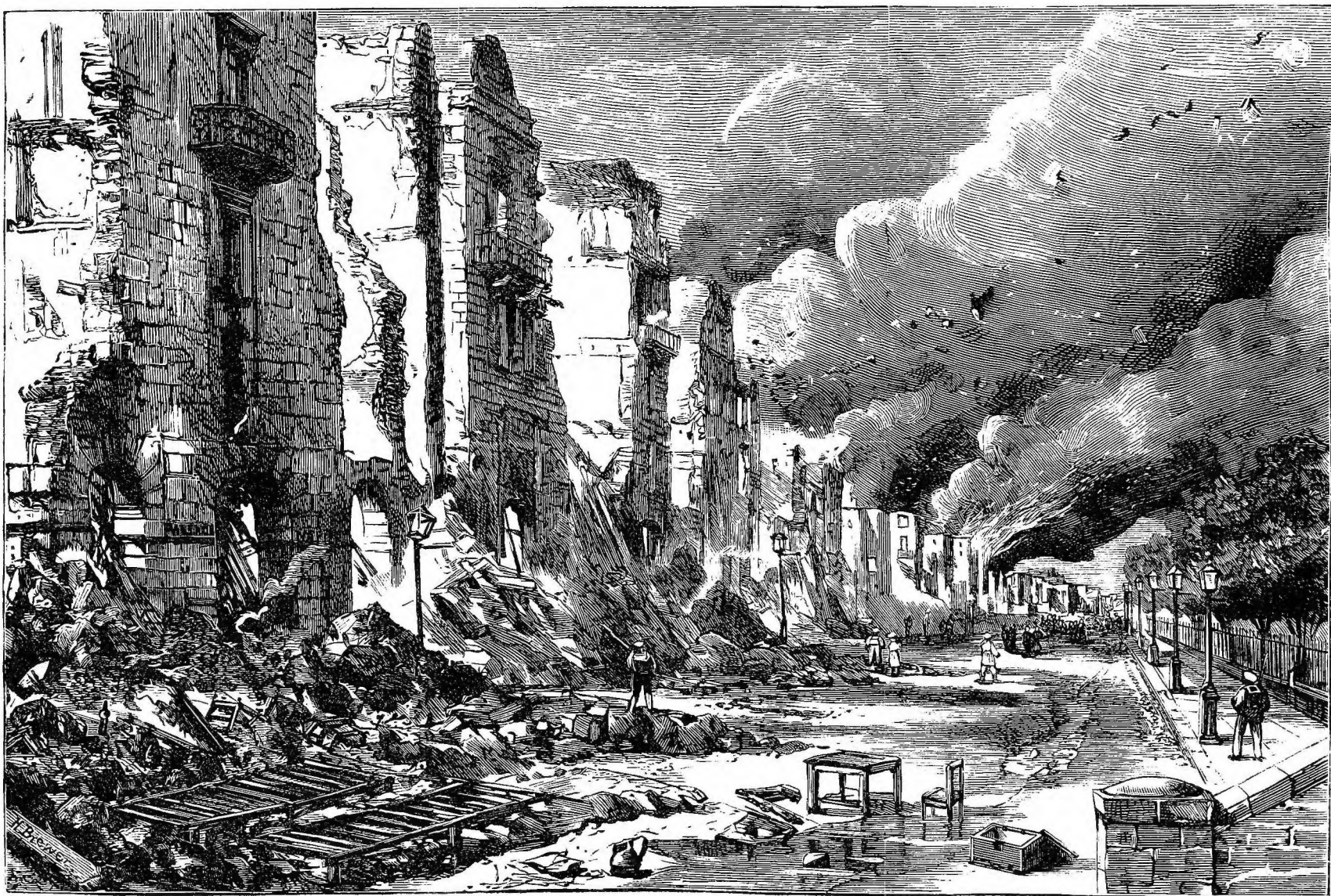
### OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ALEXANDRIA

THE incendiarism and looting which followed after the bombardment completely disorganised the ordinary social life of the city. Business was not merely suspended, but absolutely destroyed, there was no work for the labouring class, and the usual supplies of food, by which great cities are every day so quietly and yet so effectively provisioned, were cut off. Hence great privations and misery arose, especially among the more respectable of the poorer natives who were too well disposed to plunder. One of our sketches shows a crowd of starving Jews and Arabs seeking food at the doors of the once well-known establishment belonging to Messrs. J. Ross and Co. "To describe the condition of the Grand Square," says the correspondent of *The Times*, "is quite beyond all my powers. In the centre, lighted up by a lurid mass of smoke, stood the large equestrian statue of Mehemet Ali; behind it I could see the Palais de Justice; of the rest I distinguished nothing. On either side of me was one long line of fire. At every moment a house fell with a sound like that of the cannonade of a few days before." Our artist, Mr. Villiers, who visited the Square on the Friday evening after the bombardment in company with Mr. Cameron, the special correspondent of the *Standard*, describes it as "one vast mass of glowing fire. The crashing noise of the falling walls, and the crackling sound of the flames as they leapt and encircled fresh houses, added to the weirdness of the scene." In the sketch of the blue-jacket on guard in the Grand Square a large





"IN POSSESSION"—A BLUE-JACKET ON GUARD AT THE TRIBUNAL IN THE GRAND SQUARE

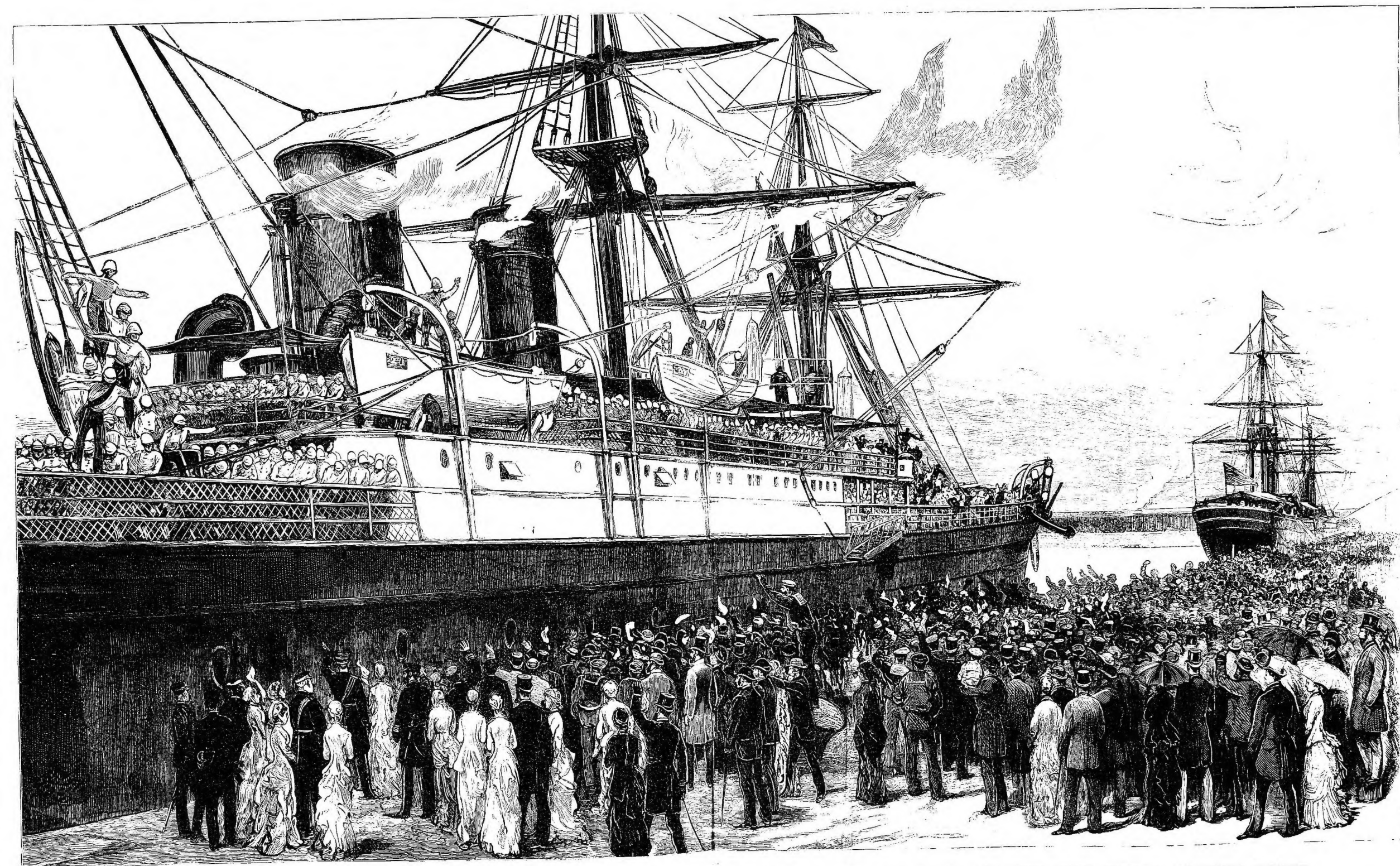


RUINS OF THE GRAND SQUARE

AFTER THE BURNING OF ALEXANDRIA

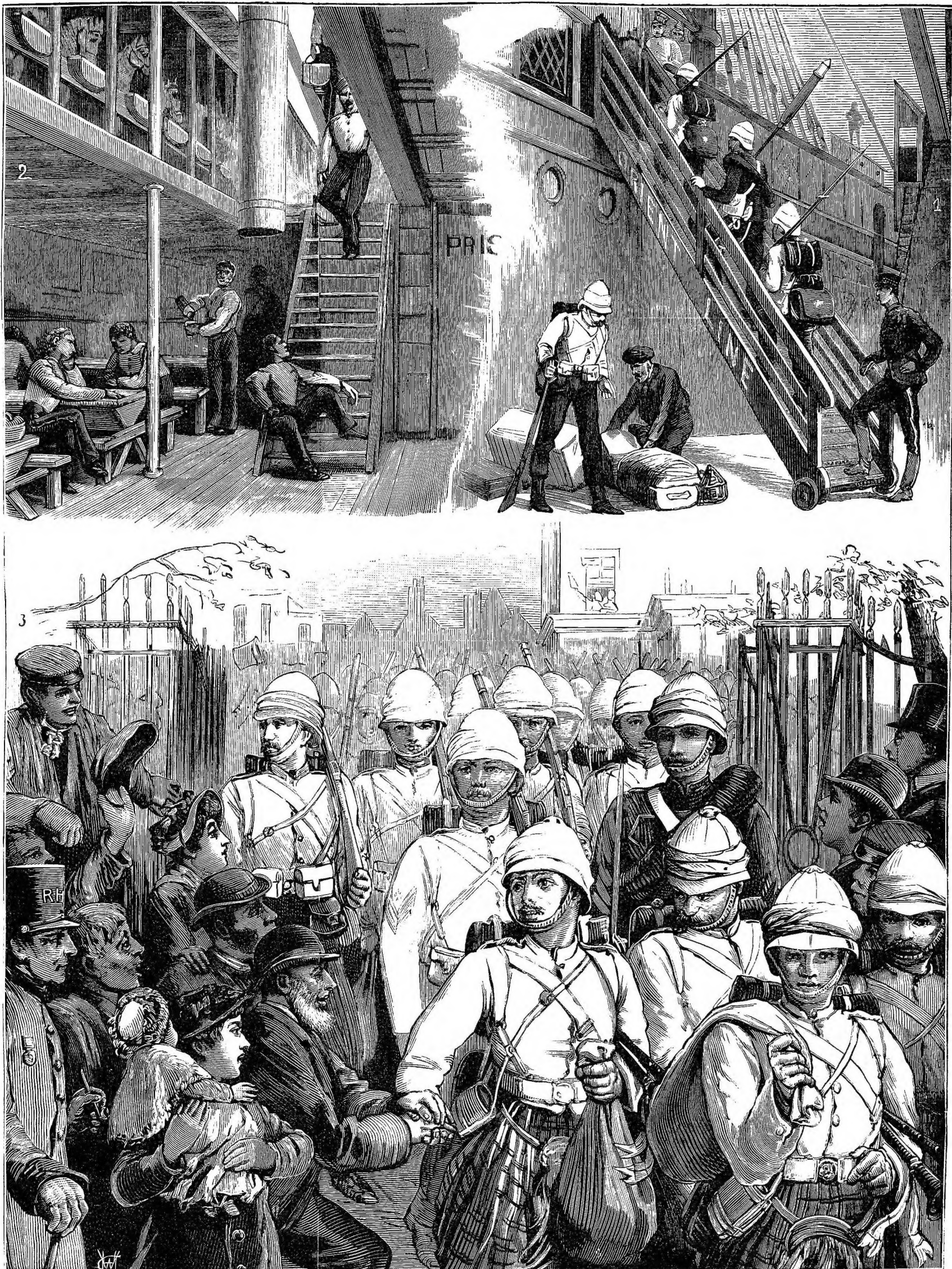
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS





THE WAR IN EGYPT—DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST BATTALION OF SCOTS GUARDS: THE "ORIENT" LEAVING THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCKS





1. Taking the Regimental Colours on Board the "Orient."—2. The Soldiers' Quarters on Board the "Orient."—3. The Start from Wellington Barracks.  
THE WAR IN EGYPT: DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST BATTALION OF THE SCOTS GUARDS



building is seen on the right, and at its side the modest structure known as the English Church. These were the only buildings left standing in the Square, except the Tribunal, or Palais de Justice, which is not shown in the picture, as the guard is depicted as standing in front of it.

Ras-el-Tin Palace we have already described in a foregoing issue. But recent events have conferred on it a fresh interest. On the day after the bombardment Tewfik Pasha, the Khédive, was in extreme danger at Ramleh Palace, which was surrounded with 300 soldiers with orders to massacre all within, and fire the building. Dervish Pasha and the Khédive, however, finally arranged matters with Arabi, who pretended that the troops had mistaken their orders. The officers were then secretly bribed, and the appearance of the *Condor* enabled His Highness to get away safely to Ras-el-Tin.

At 3 A.M. on the 24th of July Sir Archibald Alison, accompanied by 600 men, and taking two pieces of artillery, started for Ramleh, with the object of securing the Waterworks Hill, which formed the headquarters of Sir Ralph Abercromby at the Battle of Alexandria, and is the highest ground within a radius of ten miles from the city. On reaching the hill, without encountering opposition, Sir Archibald threw out pickets. The enemy's camp was distinctly visible five miles off. Troops were seen moving forward, and about 8 A.M. fire was opened on our pickets with shell and shrapnel. Our men returned the fire, without any apparent loss on either side.

Meanwhile about 100 horsemen had appeared on our right within 400 yards of our pickets. Shots were exchanged, and one of the enemy is said to have been killed. We suffered no loss. This is the incident depicted by Mr. Villiers.

#### THE ENGLISH CONTROLLER-GENERAL OF EGYPTIAN FINANCES

SIR AUCLAND COLVIN, K.C.M.G., is the son of the late Mr. John Colvin, formerly the Private Secretary of Lord Auckland, Governor-General of India, and afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces, which post he held when the Mutiny of 1857 broke out. Sir Auckland was born in 1838, and joined the service in 1858, being one of the last of the Haileybury men who were appointed by the nomination of the Court of Directors before the days of Competition Wallahs. While at college he was brilliantly distinguished for his scholarship, and in India he rapidly rose in the service. He was Under-Secretary to the Government of India in the Home Department, Secretary to the Board of Revenue, and afterwards Secretary to the Government of the North-Western Provinces, when Sir John Strachey was Lieutenant-Governor. It was owing to the ability he had displayed, and the experience he had acquired as an officer employed in settling the land revenue, that Sir Auckland Colvin was selected for employment by the Egyptian Government, to which his services were lent by the Government of India in the beginning of 1879 for the purpose of superintending the operations connected with the improved organisation of the land revenue system in Egypt. Shortly after his arrival the Khédive, Ismail Pasha, executed the *coup d'état* which led to his deposition. Sir Auckland Colvin was then appointed a Commissioner of the Caisse of the Public Debt, and in 1880 he succeeded Major Baring as English Controller-General of the Egyptian Finances. In this capacity he has proved himself a most efficient guardian of the interests, not only of the bondholders, but of the Egyptian people, and he particularly distinguished himself last year, in the absence of the British Consul-General during the military *émute* headed by Arabi Pasha. For his services on that occasion he was made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and received from the Sultan the First Class Order of the Medjidie.—Our portrait is from a photograph by O. Schoefft, of Cairo.

#### THE DEPARTURE OF THE GUARDS

DURING the whole week the despatch of troops to Egypt has been going on as fast as the transport ships could be got ready. On Sunday the *Orient* sailed from North Woolwich with the 1st Battalion of Scots Guards and the Staff of the First Division, including Major-General H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and Lieutenant-General G. H. S. Willis. Very early in the morning some thousands of people assembled in the streets leading to Liverpool Street Station, where it had been announced the battalions would entrain for North Woolwich. Many sight-seers were, however, doomed to disappointment, for this arrangement was altered at the last moment, and the men were marched from Wellington Barracks to Westminster Bridge, where they were carried down the river in ordinary steamboats. On arriving at the Royal Albert Dock they were landed, and formed up in quarter column, whilst the stringent orders as to lights and smoking on the voyage were read out to them. The embarkation was then proceeded with, and a little before noon, just as the *Orient* was being towed out of the dock, a small steamer arrived bearing the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke of Cambridge. In a few minutes the Duke of Connaught stood on the deck of the *Orient*, and the great ship glided into the river amid the cheers of the multitude, which had assembled to bid farewell to the gallant soldiers of the Household Brigade. The *Orient* is a fine vessel, 450ft. long, 5,000 tons cubic measurement, with engines of 100 horse power. She is lighted with the electric light, and affords the most ample accommodation for all on board, the troopers and their horses being berthed in the most comfortable manner, whilst the officers occupy the cabin and state-rooms, two of which were specially reserved for the Duke of Connaught. Besides the battalion of Scots Guards and the Staff Officers there were drafts from other regiments, making a total of 47 officers and 850 rank and file, with 110 horses and 21 baggage ponies.

Before leaving the Wellington Barracks the men were drawn up in square and addressed by Colonel Moncrieff and Lieutenant-Colonel Knox, the latter of whom read to them a letter from the Queen, expressing her regret that she was unable to be present at the embarkation, and her best wishes for their welfare. Similar messages were sent by Her Majesty to the 2nd Battalion of Grenadier Guards, which embarked in the *Batavia* at Queenstown, Ireland, on Monday, and to the detachments of the Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards, which embarked at North Woolwich in the *Holland* and the *Calabria* on Tuesday and Wednesday. Her Majesty also expressed a wish that she might be able to communicate with these ships as they passed through the Solent, and this was done with the *Holland* on Wednesday and the *Calabria* on Thursday, the Queen signalling to the troops on board "I wish you all God speed, and shall hope to hear from you at Gibraltar." On the way down the river the *Orient* was accompanied by the *Lotus* steamboat, which had been chartered for the conveyance of a distinguished company of friends of the Scots Guards Officers, who, during the passage, collected the sum of 108*l.* for the wives and children of the Scots Guards. The Royal party inspected the ship, and left her at Gravesend. As she passed Dover on Monday she was met by a tug bearing special farewell messages from the Queen and the Prince of Wales to the Duke of Connaught and the other officers on board, and when off Start Point a message, "All well," was sent to Her Majesty.

#### ROYAL INSPECTION AT ALBANY BARRACKS

ON Tuesday the Prince of Wales, as Colonel of the Household Cavalry, inspected a squadron of the 1st Life Guards and one of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, previous to their departure for Egypt. He was accompanied by the Princess and their three daughters, who were greeted with loud cheers by the crowd in Albany Street and the more privileged spectators in the barrack

square. After the march-past His Royal Highness addressed the men, congratulating them on their efficiency, expressing his confidence in them, and his regret that he could not go with them. He then bade farewell to each of the officers, who dismounted, and, approaching the Royal carriages, shook hands with the Princess of Wales. The troops then separated, the Horse Guards retiring to barracks, and the 1st Life Guards marching back to Knightsbridge. While on active service the Guards will wear a uniform more serviceable than that in which they appear when on home duty, the brass helmet and glittering cuirass and snow-white breeches giving place to white linen "pugare," plain tunics—red in one case and blue in the other—black trousers, blucher boots of brown leather, and a kind of gaiter formed of a broad strip of webbing, wound round the lower part of the leg. The horse equipment comprises a hay-net, nosebag, headstall, and a certain percentage of men in each troop carry rope harness, so that the horses may be readily employed in draught either with guns or commissariat carts.—Our engraving was drawn almost entirely from instantaneous photographs taken by Corporal-Major J. F. Henderson, of the Royal Horse Guards, Regent's Park Barracks.

Sir Garnet Wolseley was to have left last night (Friday) by the mail for Brindisi, but on Wednesday it was suddenly determined that he should leave in the *Calabria*, and thus have the benefit of the sea voyage, and avoid the fatigue of the land journey. He has been suffering from Cyprus fever, but has now almost recovered.

#### THE LATE MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER

MR. WEBSTER, who died in Chant Side, Kennington, on the 8th July, was born in 1797 or 1798, at Bath. His father was Captain in a West India regiment, and sent his son to a military academy, purposing him for the army. But the youth was stage-struck, ran away from home, joined companies of strolling players, and endured many hardships. In 1818 he obtained his first London engagement at the Coburg Theatre, but he found the profession a most uphill career, and thrice left it in despair. At last one of those fortunate accidents which sometimes makes an actor's reputation befel him. Harley was taken ill, and Webster (whom the stage manager, Bunn, at Drury Lane recollected at Birmingham as an able young man) was summoned in a great hurry to play as Pompey, the Clown, in *Measure for Measure*. This happened in 1824. The Press styled Mr. Webster's performance the hit of the evening. Nevertheless, some seasons passed before he was secure of a permanent engagement. In 1837 he became the lessee of the Haymarket, where, for fifteen years, he was the liberal patron of dramatic authors and artists. He also built the new Adelphi, and, later on, the Olympic, Princess's, and the St. James's came under his control. In 1874, the dramatic profession gave him a complimentary benefit at Drury Lane, which produced more than 2,000*l.*

As a dramatic author, Mr. Webster does not rank high, for his plays were mostly crude versions of foreign originals, but he was a most excellent actor. To remember him, however, in his prime, a playgoer must be himself verging towards the autumn of life. Among his chief successes may be named Bob Acres, in *The Rivals*; John Peerybingle, in *The Cricket on the Hearth*; Tartuffe, in Oxenford's version of Molière's comedy; Triplet, in *Masks and Faces*; Landry, in *The Dead Heart*; Joey Ladle, in *No Thoroughfare*; and last, but perhaps most popular of all, William Penn Holder, in *One Touch of Nature*.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Gerthwohl and Tanner.

#### WIMBLEDON: THE QUEEN'S PRIZE-MAN

SERGEANT ALEXANDER LAWRENCE, the winner of the Queen's Prize at this year's meeting of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon, is a member of the 1st Dumbarton Rifle Volunteers. The final contest took place in fine weather, but the fitful gusts of wind greatly interfered with the shooting. Nevertheless, Sergeant Lawrence, though unluckily beginning with a miss, managed to put together a score of 65, consisting of 17 at 800 yards, 20 at 900, and 28 at 1,000, the next highest being the 62 of Colour-Sergeant Gilbert, 3rd Middlesex. The Queen's Prize thus goes across the Border for the sixth time. The winner, who is a native of Dumbarton, and employed as foreman compositor on the *Dumbarton Herald*, is twenty-seven years of age, and was married only a month before going to Wimbledon, where he has only been twice before. He has been nine years a Volunteer, and for the past five years he has been very successful in his shooting at local competitions.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Alexander Brothers, 88, Renfield Street, Glasgow.

#### "PHIZ" (HABLOT K. BROWNE)

THE first few numbers of that immortal work, "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," were illustrated by Seymour, whose satirical caricatures of cockney sportsmen and fishermen are still held in fond recollection by elderly people. Seymour having died suddenly after a few numbers had appeared, his place was taken by an artist who signed his drawings "Phiz." These sketches were especially remarkable for the wonderful vigour of handling displayed therein, and for the artist's happy conception of the characters and incidents described in the story. Hablot Knight Browne was the name of the artist, whose signature of "Phiz" has since become familiar by means of the numerous works of art to which it is appended.

He was only twenty when, in consequence of Seymour's death, he obtained a commission from Dickens to illustrate "Pickwick," the result being so successful that the author retained his services as illustrator of nearly all his subsequent productions. "Bleak House" is, perhaps, the most successful, for the dramatic character of the story gave the artist an opportunity of displaying in the illustrations some wonderful effects of light and shade; and "Martin Chuzzlewit" contains some truly admirable work. His Sam Weller, Mr. Micawber, Pecksniff, Mrs. Gamp, Quilp, and many other characters are distinct pictorial creations, and will remain in our memories as long as the works of Dickens are read and appreciated. Charles Lever, Ainsworth, the Brothers Mayhew, and a host of minor novelists were also indebted to the unwearied hand of "Phiz" for many of the illustrations in their works.

Hablot Browne, son of William Loder Browne, a descendant of a Norfolk family, was born the 12th July, 1815, at Kennington, London. He was educated at a private school in Norfolk, and, having evinced at an early age a decided taste for drawing, he was apprenticed to Finden, the well-known line-engaver. This occupation was, however, not congenial, as the process was too monotonous. He accordingly suspended operations in that quarter, and, in conjunction with a young kindred spirit, hired a small attic, where he followed the more fascinating pursuit of water-colour drawing. He produced in the course of his life some thousands of such sketches. In the mean time he attended the evening classes of the "Life School" in St. Martin's Lane, and was a fellow pupil with Etty, the famous painter of the nude.

Of the private career of "Phiz" little is known. His principal characteristic was extreme nervousness and dislike of publicity, which induced him to spend most of his time in country retirement. He had been from his boyhood accustomed to horses, and frequently hunted with the Surrey Hounds. In his delineations of horses, in all their actions, in the hunting field and elsewhere, he has never been excelled.

It is a remarkable fact that he never used a model; nor did he, except on some occasions, make finished sketches from nature. With the assistance of a few pencil jottings he produced those elaborate drawings with which we are so familiar. For many

years he was a constant contributor of pictures to various exhibitions.

Being especially fond of the bracing air of the seaside, he frequently visited Margate. On one occasion during his stay there he caught a severe cold, which, there is little doubt, resulted in an attack of incipient paralysis, from which for many years he was a constant sufferer. Nevertheless, he continued to work with admirable perseverance until four days before his death, gradually losing, however that facility with the pencil which characterised his earlier productions.

On the 8th of July, 1882, in his sixty-seventh year, expired the famous "Phiz." At Hove, near Brighton, where the last few years of his life were spent, he succumbed to infirmity rather than old age. His remains were interred at the extramural Cemetery, Brighton.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Dr. Wallack, 2, Warwick Gardens, Kensington.

#### THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE

THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT, who has been elected president of the Wesleyan Conference for the current year, was born in 1825 at Shaftesbury, Dorset, where he was educated at a private school. From his earliest years he has taken an interest in public affairs, and was active in connection with the Anti-Corn Law League. In 1840, after hearing a lecture by John Cassell, he signed the temperance pledge. He began to preach in 1845, was received as a candidate for the Methodist Ministry by the Bradford District Meeting, and, after, going through the usual three years' training at the Wesleyan College, Richmond, was appointed to his first Circuit, Mildenhall, whence he went to Ely. His last appointment was Liverpool, where he has been successful as the head of a mission. He has for many years been a distinguished and successful advocate of temperance.

Immediately after the election the Bishop of Liverpool sent a letter of congratulation to Mr. Garrett, who in reading it to the Conference said that he believed it to be the first time that a President of the Conference had been congratulated by a Bishop of the Established Church. The Annual Session of the Conference, which this year has been held at Leeds, is chiefly remarkable for the adoption, after a very animated debate, of a new formulary of baptism, designed to eliminate anything which might be supposed to support the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. Those who prefer the old form will, however, still be permitted to use it. The year's statistics show that the total membership for Great Britain is now 393,754, an increase of 12,798 on the past year. The total number of new members was 55,382, so that the denomination must have been deprived of 42,584 by death or secession.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. Slater, Mostyn Street, Llandudno.

#### THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP

THE entry-list for this event, which takes place annually in the grounds of the All-England Club, at Wimbledon, consisted this year of only twenty-eight names, as against forty-eight last year. There were four representatives of Prince's Club, three of Oxford University, and two each from Cambridge University Vindals, and West Middlesex. The grand event of the meeting was, of course, the contest for the Champion Cup, which was played on Monday, the 17th ult., between the brothers E. and W. Renshaw, the former of whom having carried off the All-Comers' Gold Prize, was called upon to play the Champion, who won twenty-four out of the fifty-one games played, his opponent taking seventeen, while twenty-three games went to the server and eighteen to the striker-out. During the match Mr. W. Renshaw won 155 strokes and his brother 135. Neither of the players exhibited their best form, but this was no doubt due to the wind, which was decidedly gusty, and made it difficult to keep the balls in court. Every now and then the play was most brilliant, and gained loud applause from the spectators. The grass did not play very true, causing several false bounds. Mr. W. Renshaw has now gained *The Field Cup*, with the title of Champion, for two years in succession, and has only to be successful next year for the cup to become his own property.

#### "KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 133.

#### THE RESERVE SQUADRON AT VIGO

THE crisis in Egypt has made itself felt through every fibre of the Navy. The Mediterranean ships go far east, the Channel Squadron goes through the "Straits," hitherto the bounds of their station, and the First Reserve Squadron, manned by a splendid body of Coast Guard Men, under H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, goes down the Spanish Coast. Vigo is a favourite port with the home authorities, though officers and men have their views rather mixed on the subject. Like all Spanish places it is "very Spanish" and picturesque. There is also a kind of pigeon English, "Mister, una cop" of the importunate beggar who wants a copper for an onion and a cigar, being the most prominent specimen. When the Spaniard unbends it is generally to beg. No. 1 shows a blue-jacket and a red marine trying to thaw a rigid and suspicious member of the civic guard or Gendarme. 2. A gentleman who has specially provided for the tastes of the English at his hotel, and is watching for customers. 3. Spanish Bella Donna in a balcony opposite the casino. 4. Infantry. 5. Cavalry. 12. Guardia Civile. 14. Guardia Civile in country, with white hat-cover and hood. 6. The picturesque funeral of a little child. 7. Country girls at Rodendela. 8. The crowded and bustling landing place, officers on duty or in mufti (and high spirits), blue-jackets, marines, blue and red, visitors, fruit sellers, forming one constantly shifting mass, the height-crowning Citadel, the blue choppy sea, and the man-o-war cutters forming a bright and cheerful scene. 9. Market women; alas! at times, viragos, as may be seen by Sketch 15. 10. That mania, the buying of Vigo ware, coarsely daubed with blue, making officers, while wrapped in contemplation, or blowing a china bottle-whistle, quite oblivious to the time of the boats or the pangs of approaching dinner-time. Those at the door, not infected, hail them impatiently. 11. China again, broken on reaching or embarking at landing place, the buyer, believing it a dodge of seller, is irate, declaring he will re-place it from another shop. 13. A street scene in Vigo.

#### THE UMGENI FALLS, NATAL

NONE of the rivers of the Natal Colony are navigable, although most of them, especially during the rainy season, are considerable streams, and all of them have their tributaries, so that the country abounds in water-courses. Cataracts are numerous, and the Umgeni Falls, ten or twelve miles north of Maritzburg, are famous for their beauty, and are said to be the highest unbroken falls in the world.—Our engraving is from a photograph by G. W. V. Ferneyhough, Pietermaritzburg, Natal.

#### MOUNTED INFANTRY

Now that war preparation is the one absorbing topic of the day, all military matters become interesting to the general community. To the unlearned civilians, accustomed to regard horse-soldiers as cavalry, and foot-soldiers as infantry, "mounted infantry" may very possibly appear a contradiction in terms, but it is not so in fact. The mounted infantryman is an outcome of modern military reform. His



arms and accoutrements differ both from those of the ordinary foot-soldier and the cavalryman, whilst like the latter he is drilled to fight either in the saddle or upon foot. The plan is a favourite one in South Africa, where it has been found very effective.—Our engraving is taken from a photograph by G. W. V. Ferneyhough, Pietermaritzburg, Natal.

### "SIT DOWN IN FRONT!"

THIS engraving needs little description. The scene is the gallery of that popular place of entertainment, once the favourite home of the good old-fashioned British melodrama of the "penny plain, and twopence coloured" order; but now for some time the chosen *locale* of an enthusiastic company of ladies and gentlemen who have determined to do what they can to elevate the taste of the working classes, by putting within their reach high-class music, and other entertainments of a refined character. The object is an estimable one, and the only doubt is as to its commercial success. Our sketch was taken at a special performance for children, at the moment when a particularly interesting item in the programme was about to be given, and the expectant juveniles in the back seats were vehemently shouting to their better-placed comrades, "Sit down in front!"



THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, presiding last week at a meeting convened by the "Egyptian Committee," said that the Prime Minister was now the great idol of the Tory party; delirious editors of newspapers wrote in favour of his policy; reckless Radicals backed him up, and the great Jingo residuum shouted a chorus of approbation as he cried "Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war." It was a political transformation scene, grotesquely horrible and horribly grotesque, which could not be matched in history. Resolutions were adopted expressing strong indignation at the aggressive action of the Government in Alexandria; deprecating armed intervention in the internal affairs of Egypt; condemning the proposed Vote of Credit, and the employment of Indian troops in Egypt, which latter was declared to be not only unjust to the unrepresented and over-taxed people of India, but "fraught with danger to our Eastern possessions."—The combined Political Committee of the Four Radical Clubs of Chelsea has adopted a resolution declaring that "the action of the Government in obtaining a vote of credit of 2,300,000*l.* to continue their aggressive policy in Egypt, is subversive of all Liberal principles, and against their pledges when out of office, and when seeking our suffrages."—Lord Galway, speaking on Tuesday at Retford, alluded to the Egyptian difficulty, and said that he wished either he or anybody else could see where it would end. He looked with grave suspicion on the withdrawal of the Russian Ambassador from the Conference, and now that France had retired within her shell, he hoped that England would be allowed to settle with Arabi Pasha, without being involved in a European War. In any case, he trusted that the Government were fully prepared to carry out their announced intention of upholding the name and honour of England.—The Bible Christians, now in Conference at Plymouth, have adopted a resolution endorsing the Egyptian and Irish policy of the Government.

THE COBDEN CLUB held its annual meeting on Saturday. Mr. T. B. Potter, M.P., who presided, congratulated the members on the work done during the year, and expressed himself hopefully as to the likelihood of Free Trade principles gaining acceptance in other countries, even in the United States; whilst Mr. Probyn spoke of the allusion in the report to the abolition of import duties by the Government of India as the happiest feature of the report, because it was due to Conservative as well as Liberal statesmen. Captain E. Verney tried to persuade the Club to express an opinion on the Egyptian Question; but without avail, the chairman and several other members strongly deprecating any interference in questions of current political strife, as being likely to break up the Club.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS.—A list of very sensible rules has been drawn up and issued by the War Office for the regulation of newspaper correspondents with the army in the field. They are to be licensed by the Commander-in-Chief at home, and to be subject to the Mutiny Act, being placed under the supervision of a specially-appointed military staff officer, who is to see that no communication is made in cypher, or in any language other than English, French, or German; and to stop or alter any intelligence which he deems "dangerous to the good of the army." He will also have entire control over the transmission of messages, whether by ordinary or special means.

IRELAND.—The treatment of the Arrears Bill in the House of Lords has excited much angry feeling amongst the supporters of the Bill, and those who claim to represent the interests of the tenant farmer; and Mr. Parnell has published in the *Freeman* a special invitation to the Irish Members to be present in the House when the Lords' amendments are being discussed.—Miss Anna Parnell is seriously ill, and it is said that the Ladies' Land League is about to be dissolved, to make way for a new open organisation, in which ladies will take part.—The address to the Queen, recently adopted by the Senate and Commons of Canada, on Irish affairs, with Lord Kimberley's curt reply, has been published as a Parliamentary paper, and formed the basis of a very severe leading article in *The Times* on Saturday last.—Mr. Jenkinson, the Lord Lieutenant's private secretary, has been appointed to succeed Colonel Brackenbury as Chief of the Irish Detective Department. He was for twenty-two years in the Indian Civil Service, having been an assistant magistrate through the mutiny, and afterwards Commissioner of the Fyzabad Division.—Among the fresh arrests under the Prevention of Crimes Act is that of the proprietor of the *Tuam Herald*, for publishing an article "inciting to murder."—The discontent in the Royal Irish Constabulary Force has extended to the counties of Cork, Clare, and Waterford, and to Belfast. The men have been offered an advance of sixpence per day, but this they refuse.—The trial of Moynihan and Horgan at Cork for treason-felony, has proved abortive, the jury being unable to agree to a verdict, although the evidence was pretty strong, showing that the prisoners belonged to the "Royal Irish Republic," a thoroughly organised secret society, whose members committed outrages on persons and property, attended drills, and who were bound together by an unlawful oath.—The confession of the man O'Brien, or Westgate, respecting the Phoenix Park murders, is now thought to be a fabrication, and it is not likely that he will be brought to England.—The Recorder of Dublin was the other day deciding a case in Court, when the plaintiff, a Mr. Fitzpatrick, against whom a nonsuit had been ordered, presented a revolver at him, declaring that he would have justice or his life. He was immediately seized, and the weapon was found to be loaded in five chambers, although fortunately some defect in manipulation had prevented it from going off. Fitzpatrick is now in custody, on remand. When charged, he said he had no intention to commit murder, but merely to enter a solemn protest against the verdict.

THE MAORI CHIEFS, who were so coolly received by Lord Kimberley, have found a new advocate in the person of Mr. Gorst, who on Thursday was to present to Parliament their petition reciting their grievances, and praying the House to advise Her Majesty not

to permit the colonists to deprive the natives of the benefits conferred upon them by the Treaty of Waitangi. Meanwhile the chiefs are staying with the Bishop of Bedford, who makes an appeal for funds to enable them to return home, they having miscalculated the expenses of their voyage.

THE ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.—The annual dinner in aid of this Fund was held on Monday. Mr. G. A. Sala occupied the chair, and, in advocating the claims of the Fund, said that the hypercritical gentlemen who were now inveighing against theatrical benefits might be surprised to hear that in the last century the dramatic author also had his "night," and that benefits of this kind were taken by Wycherley, Southerne, Gay, and Goldsmith. Mr. Irving and Mr. Toole responded for "The Drama and the Stage," the former defending the actor-manager against the bold—if not truthful—indictment recently brought against them of being "little better than liberal dispensers of chicken and champagne;" and the latter delivering a characteristically humorous speech. The subscription list, including a donation of 100*l.* from Her Majesty the Queen, amounted to 1,000*l.*

A MAIL STEAMER ON FIRE.—The Hamburg-American steamship *Gellert*, which arrived at Plymouth on Sunday, had a narrow escape from destruction while crossing the Atlantic, a fire breaking out in one of its water-tight compartments, which contained only sewing machines and tobacco. After much difficulty the flames were subdued by cutting holes in the deck and flooding the compartment, and the passengers passed a vote of thanks to the captain and crew, and subscribed 1,000 dollars to the life-saving box kept on board.

A REMARKABLE BALLOON ASCENT was made last Saturday from the grounds of the Alexandra Palace. Mr. Hamlyn and Mrs. Baker, who were the aeronauts, were carried up to a height of some 3,000 feet; but the air currents were so nicely balanced that though the balloon was in the air more than an hour, drifting slowly westward, northward, and southward alternately, it ultimately descended in the Grove, only 600 yards from its starting-place.

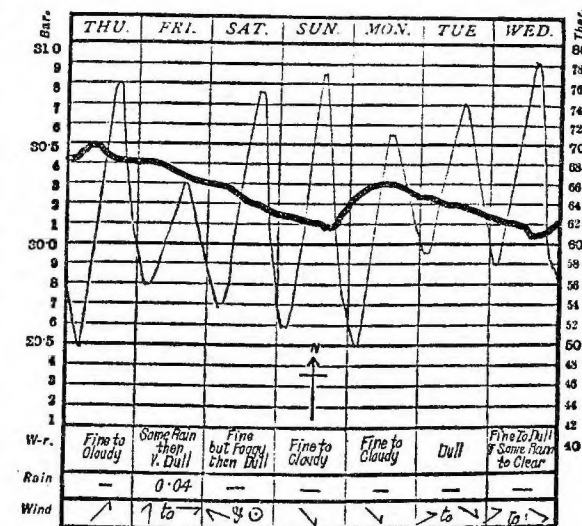
THE LETTER-CARRIERS are disappointed at the smallness of the concessions made by the Postmaster-General, and at his refusal to receive a deputation from them. On Saturday they held a meeting at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, and adopted a resolution declaring that no scheme would satisfy them which did not give not only increased pay and diminished hours of labour, but an opportunity of rising from the lower to the higher grades of the service.

POLLOK CASTLE, RENFREWSHIRE, the residence of Sir Hew Crawford Pollok, was on Monday totally destroyed by fire, nothing being saved but a few pictures and the family plate. Scarcity of water prevented the subjection of the flames, until the whole structure was consumed. The damage is estimated at 20,000*l.* or 30,000*l.*

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—On Friday last week a curious accident occurred between Ely and Cambridge, on the Great Eastern Railway. The "balance-weight" of the engine of the up express became detached, and was cast upon the down line, whence another express was shifted by passing over the obstruction. The engine and fore part of the train were turned over into a dyke, where they were totally wrecked, the driver and eight passengers being seriously hurt, although no lives were lost.—On Saturday, at Clifton Brook, on the London and North-Western Line, a goods train was driven into a siding with such violence that the engine buried itself in the embankment, and several of the trucks were overturned on the main-line, thus imperilling a mail train, the driver of which, seeing the accident, managed to bring his train to a halt just short of the debris.

## WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM JULY 27 TO AUGUST 2 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week, although cloudy and somewhat threatening at times, has been much finer than for a long time past, and the temperature has occasionally risen to a rather high level. These conditions have been entirely due to the presence in our neighbourhood of a large area of high pressure, the central portion of which has been lying off our south-west coasts. On Saturday (29th ult.) the thermometer rose to 75°, on Thursday (27th ult.) to 76°, and on Sunday (30th ult.) to 77°, while on Wednesday (2nd inst.) it reached 78°. At the close of the week some depressions in the north were occasioning a rather brisk fall of the barometer, but the anti-cyclone did not change its position much, and the prospects were therefore brighter than they were last month. The barometer was highest (30.48 inches) on Thursday (27th ult.); lowest (30.04 inches) on Wednesday (2nd inst.); range, 0.44 inches. Temperature was highest (78°) on Wednesday (2nd inst.); lowest (50°) on Thursday (27th ult.) and Monday (31st ult.); range, 28°. Rain fell on one day, to the amount of 0.04 inches.

LONDON MORTALITY increased slightly last week, and 1,399 deaths were registered against 1,321 in the previous seven days, being a rise of 78, although 397 below the average, while the death rate increased to 18.8 per 1,000. There were 2 deaths from small-pox (a decrease of 2), 40 from measles (a rise of 3), 47 from scarlet fever (an increase of 19), 9 from diphtheria (a fall of 4), 63 from whooping-cough (a rise of 5), 1 from typhus, 16 from enteric fever (an increase of 8) 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, 108 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 10), and 6 from simple cholera (a rise of 1). The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 183, being an increase of 26, but 1 below the average, while different forms of violence caused 56 deaths, of which 45 resulted from negligence or accident. There were 2,577 births registered, being an increase of 124, but 21 below the average. The mean temperature was 60.2 deg., 2.05 deg. below the average.



A STRIKE OF LAWYERS AND BARRISTERS is troubling the inhabitants of Le Puy, near Lyons, where the various members of the legal profession demand higher fees and the prompt payment of their bills.

A ROWING TRIP FROM ROME TO PARIS is now being attempted by two Italian oarsmen in an outrigger. After crossing the Mediterranean, they intend to row up the Rhône to its junction with the Saône, thence to follow the latter river into the Canal uniting the Saône with the Seine, and so reach Paris.

MAPS OF EGYPT.—Mr. Stanford has issued a very clear and distinct coloured map of Lower Egypt, on the scale of about ten miles to the inch, constructed by the late Lieut.-Colonel W. M. Leake, R.A.; also a general map of Egypt, as far as the First Cataract; and a sketch plan of Alexandria with the fortifications.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO CARRY ON TRADE WITH SIBERIA, *via* the Yenisei, is to be made by M. Sibiriakoff, notwithstanding the loss of the vessel he sent out last year. He will shortly despatch a steamer, the *Nordenskjöld*, laden with English merchandise, and the vessel, after wintering at Kureika, will return next summer with a cargo of Asiatic produce.

LITERATURE FOR THE BRITISH SOLDIERS AND SAILORS IN EGYPT is appealed for by Captain J. Gildea, who collected and forwarded a large quantity of miscellaneous reading for the army during the late Afghan Campaign. Periodicals, books, and newspapers sent to Captain Gildea, at 20, Phillimore Gardens, Kensington, W., will subsequently be forwarded free by the P. and O. Co.

THE "OCTOPUS COSTUME" is the novelty of the season at French watering-places—summer dresses being covered with life-like representations of Victor Hugo's famous *pieuvre*. The fashion has been set by one of the Orleans Princesses, who wears a red jacket printed with these monsters in black and blue. Another fashionable eccentricity is a silk dress printed with verses from the Koran—quite a "topical" toilette at the present time, while Gallic dandies adopt a gold bracelet on the left wrist—a hint taken, so they declare, from the young English "gentlemen."

A MARBLE TABLET IN MEMORY OF SIR EDWIN LANDSEER has been placed in St. Paul's Cathedral, close to the painter's grave. In the upper part is a medallion portrait of Sir Edwin supported by corbels sculptured with heads of the lions in Trafalgar Square, and surmounted by a painter's palette and brushes. Below is a bas-relief of "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner," the Landseer crest of an eagle's head with a key in the beak being placed on a bracket beneath the bas-relief. The inscription runs: "Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., son of John Landseer, A.R.A. Born, March 7, 1802. Died, October 1, 1873. This monument is erected by his surviving brothers and sisters. 'He hath made everything beautiful in his time.'"

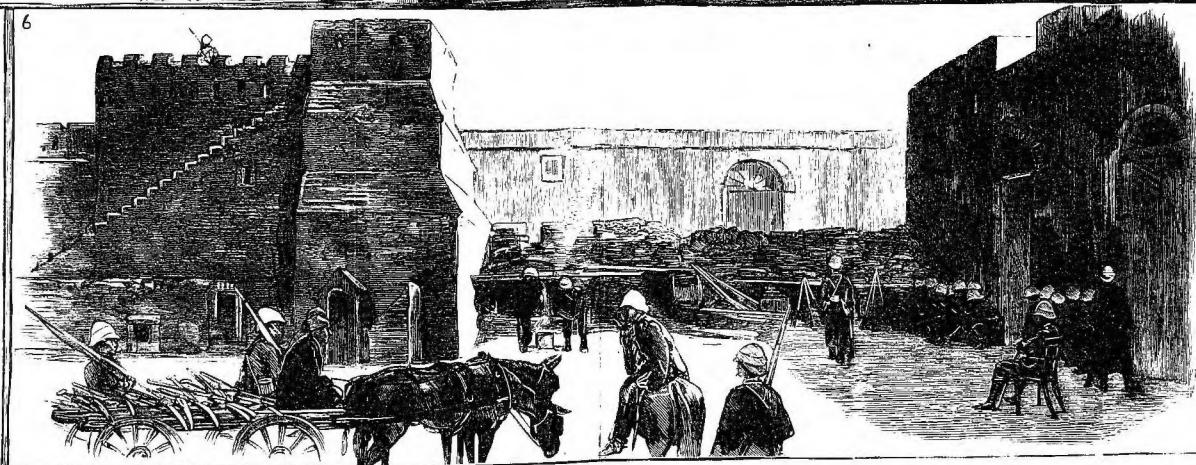
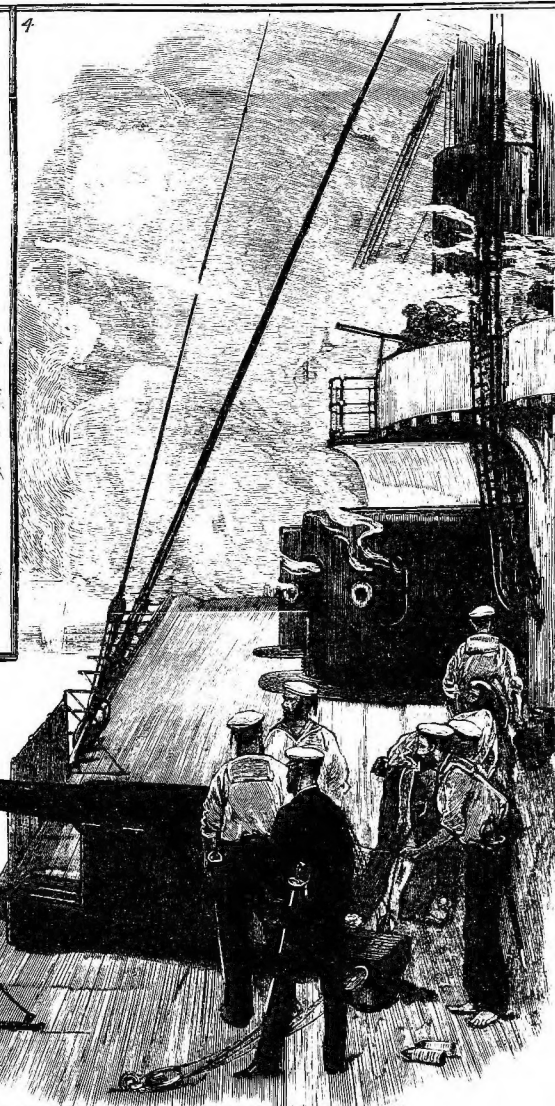
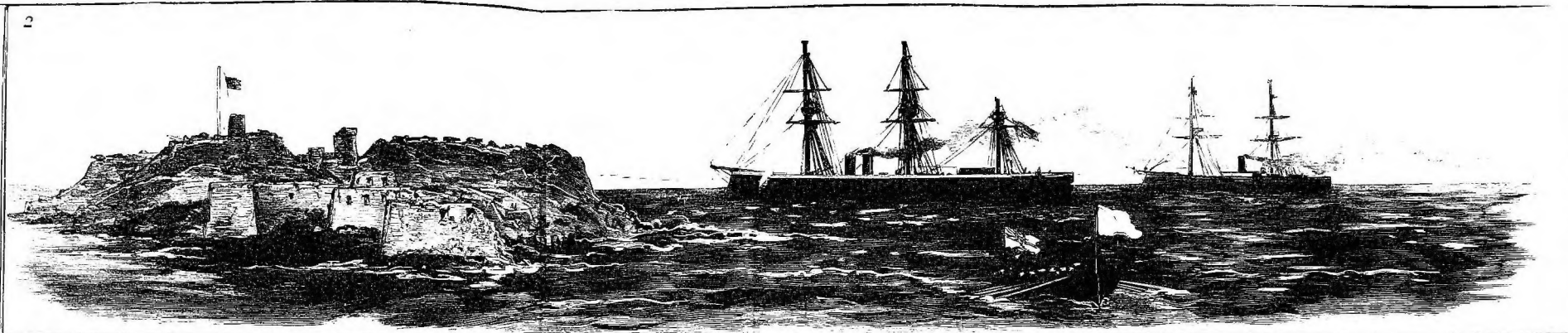
THE LAWS OF SUNDAY OBSERVANCE are somewhat curious across the Atlantic. One statute in New York State prohibits all persons from travelling on Sundays, except in cases of charity or necessity, and on certain specified errands, so the city of Cohoes cited this law as its defence in an action brought against the town by a woman who had been injured by some obstacle left by the authorities in the streets. The defence did not avail here, but in Massachusetts the Supreme Court decided in a similar case that a city is not liable for injuries caused by a defective highway to any person travelling in violation of the Sunday law. In the latter case the plaintiff was returning from a funeral, and so far was within the provisions of the law, but he was adjudged guilty of illegal travel because he took a roundabout way home instead of the direct road from the cemetery.

THE SERIES OF INTERNATIONAL POLAR METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS are to begin this week at twelve different stations in the Arctic regions, and will, it is hoped, be carried on for a year, following out the plan arranged by the late Lieutenant Weyprecht. The most northerly station is undertaken by the Americans in Lady Franklin Bay, lat. 81 deg. 20 min. They have another post at Point Barrow in the north of Alaska, while the British and Canadian station is at Fort Rae, just below the Arctic Circle. The Russians also take charge of two stations—at the mouth of the Lena and in Nova Zembla; the Germans are at Cumberland Sound, the Dutch at Dickson's Harbour, the Austrians at Jan Mayen, the Swedes at Spitzbergen, the Danes at Gothab in Greenland, the Norwegians at Bossekop, and the Fins at Sodaukylii. Talking of meteorological studies, some malicious person has broken into one of the intermediate observing stations on Ben Nevis, and has injured the instruments.

FASTING AS A CURE FOR INSANITY has been successfully tried at a Transatlantic lunatic asylum, the *New York Herald* tells us. One of the patients, who has been in the institution for two years, and occasionally had lucid intervals, was fully convinced that some cure must exist for cases like his own, in which the insanity was hereditary, and so first attempted the violent remedy of beating his head severely with his fists every morning and then running head first against the wall. This plan failed, however, so he determined to fast, and for forty-one days swallowed nothing but a small quantity of tepid water. On the thirty-fifth day he seemed very weak, and took to his bed, and on the forty-first morning asked for a cup of strong coffee. An hour later he drank some milk, and kept himself on one pint of milk daily for ten days, then took milk and strawberries for a similar period. Afterwards he added oatmeal gruel to his diet, and is now so far recovered that he is to be discharged from the asylum in a few days.

THE FATAL ACCIDENT ON MONT BLANC, which cost the lives of Professor Balfour and his guide, did not occur on the mountain proper, but on one of the peaks of the Mont Blanc range, the Aiguille Blanche de Penteret, which had never been ascended previously. Indeed the ascent was regarded as so perilous that Mr. Balfour before starting made provision for the guide's family in case of accident, while another guide tried to dissuade him from the attempt on account of the bad state of the snow. He was expected to be absent for two nights, but no tidings having arrived on the fourth day an exploring party was sent out, and after twenty-four hours' search the bodies of the two missing mountaineers were discovered at the foot of the steep snow ridge connecting the Aiguille with Mont Blanc itself. It was impossible to reach them without serious danger, but another party furnished with suitable appliances have since gone to recover the bodies. Apparently one of the unfortunate men slipped, and the other was not strong enough to hold his companion back, as there are no signs of their being overwhelmed by an avalanche, while it is not known whether they fell during the ascent or descent of the peak. Mr. Balfour was an experienced mountaineer. The bodies of two other victims to Alpine dangers have also been found—those of the Italian students who attempted to return to Geneva University last October by the Rufenen Pass from Tessin to the Valais. They were evidently overtaken by a snowstorm, and on losing their way died of cold and exposure. More fortunate than these mountaineers, M. Sella, a well-known Italian climber, has scaled the Aiguille du Géant, a peak of the Mont Blanc range, 13,156 feet high, and hitherto considered inaccessible.





1. ARABS ARRESTED BY BRITISH SENTRIES.—2. SURRENDER OF FORTS MARABOUT AND ADJENI TO H.M.S. "ACHILLES".—3. A LUCKY SHOT: MAGAZINE OF FORT MEKS BLOWN UP BY H.M.S. "MONARCH".—4. UPPER DECK OF H.M.S. "MONARCH" DURING THE ACTION.—5. AN ENTRENCHING PARTY RETURNING FROM THE FRONT.—6. FORTIFIED OUTPOST HELD BY THE MARINES.

# THE BOMBARDMENT AND OCCUPATION OF ALEXANDRIA FROM SKETCHES BY BRITISH OFFICERS





**THE WAR IN EGYPT.**—There is little change in the situation at Alexandria. Both the British and Arabi are playing a waiting game, and while our troops strengthen and extend their positions the Egyptians seem unwilling to be drawn into any important action, and are content to hover round on the watch. Indeed, the whole of the country appears to be comparatively quiet for the present, although the reports of the massacres continue, and notwithstanding that accounts of extraordinary martial enthusiasm come from Cairo, much credence cannot be attached to news which is issued directly under Arabi's supervision. Arabi himself just now restricts his energies to inflaming the public feeling by false reports of British cruelties and duplicity, and bids the people obey him alone until the Prophet has enlightened him to find a worthier Khédive, for Tewfik has sold Egypt to the English. In order to counteract the effect of these falsehoods, Admiral Seymour wrote to the Khédive to state that the British Government has no intention of conquering Egypt for itself, nor of interfering in any way with the religion or liberties of the Egyptians, its only object being to protect the Khédive and his people from rebels. Accordingly Tewfik and his Ministers have issued a proclamation to the nation, quoting the British Admiral's statement, and detailing Arabi's sins against his ruler and country, while they solemnly invoke the judgments of the Koran on all who support the rebels. These repeated threats, however, do not make the slightest impression on Arabi, who continues to prepare for resistance, requisitions money and supplies on all sides, and on the return of the Commission sent by him to the Khédive simply bade them take Tewfik's commands to Cairo, and publish them there. The rebel leader, from all accounts, remains with the bulk of his force at Kafrdavar, paying frequent visits to Cairo, where at a great meeting the chief religious and civil authorities are reported to have declared their intention to uphold Arabi to the last. Cairo is said to be tranquil, and official telegrams ostentatiously announce that business is proceeding, and that the Government are assisting emigrants from Alexandria, "that beautiful city being almost an islet, and separated from Egypt."

Alexandria itself is gradually being given back to native control, and the change does not appear altogether satisfactory. The Egyptian police, to whom the British have handed over the maintenance of order, seem decidedly untrustworthy; while ominous reports are spread of fresh pillaging and fires. Altogether, the respectable natives greatly prefer the British management; and, indeed, no praise is said to be too great for the tact, expedition, and humanity with which the marines and bluejackets restored order—at a remarkably small cost, moreover. The looters are being rapidly and honestly tried; but there is a large band of marauders still abroad, particularly at Rameh, this pretty suburb having been pillaged on all sides within the last few days. Night pickets have now been placed there, much to the disgust of the Bedouins, who attacked the outposts with considerable energy on Monday night, and were soon beaten off. On the following night the Arabs attacked the picket of Rifles posted at the extreme left of the British position on the Mahmoudieh Canal. The picket, uncertain of the strength of the attacking force, fell back on the pumping station, whence a brisk fire soon dispersed the Egyptians. Reinforcements were sent, and the positions have been reoccupied. These, however, have been the only skirmishes with the enemy, except during a reconnaissance to ascertain the state of the railway cut by Arabi beyond Millaha. The Egyptians followed up the British; but a few shots from Waterworks Hill soon sent them back, and later they allowed a party to repair the line unmolested. As a rule, however, the British reconnoitring parties which go out daily rarely meet with any opposition, the enemy retiring under cover at their approach. Nevertheless, the Egyptians have made one capture, Midshipman Dudley De Chair, of the *Alexandra*, who was sent with despatches to Rameh, and was seized by some Arabs of whom he wanted to buy food. He is, however, safe at Cairo, where he is treated with great kindness by Arabi. Little is allowed to transpire respecting the British military doings and preparations, as correspondents are wisely not permitted to publish any intelligence likely to put Arabi on his guard. An engagement was expected to take place recently off Aboukir, where the forts are steadily arming under the cover of the white flag, and the garrison refuse to obey the Khédive's summons to Alexandria. Admiral Seymour has been to Aboukir Bay to inspect the works from a distance; but the anticipated bombardment has been postponed. These forts are of considerable importance, as they are well armed, and command the only sheltered anchorage in the neighbourhood available for the largest British vessels. It is not expected that any important operations will be undertaken before the arrival of the British reinforcements, except in case of absolute necessity. Sir Archibald Alison has, however, sufficient battalions of the line alone to hold Alexandria against any attack, without counting the Rifles or Marines. The troops are in good health, and the water supply, though scanty, has not failed so utterly as was anticipated.

Meanwhile, **TURKEY** is bitterly angered by the despatch of British troops, and the relations of the Sultan and the British Representative have been somewhat strained. Having accepted the conditions set forth by the Identic Note, the Porte hoped that England would not only countermand the dispatch of fresh troops, but would recall those already in Egypt, and was grievously undeceived by the British announcement that England accepted the "co-operation" of the Turks on the condition that Turkey should make a formal and unambiguous declaration of her intentions. Further it was demanded that the Sultan should publicly pronounce Arabi a rebel before the despatch of the Turkish contingent—a demand upheld by all the Powers. This the Sultan at last unwillingly consents to do, but only simultaneously with the arrival of Turkish troops in Egypt. In replying to the British communication, the Porte, as usual, seeks to justify itself, and while mildly complaining of the present attitude of England, again points out that the independent action of the Sovereign Power is preferable to foreign interference. Lord Dufferin has sent a fresh Note reiterating his demands, and declaring that unless Arabi is distinctly declared a rebel, the Turkish troops will not be allowed to land. Still the Sultan's attitude is regarded as more satisfactory. Every preparation is being made to send off the troops, the necessary money having been raised, and it is announced that the contingent will number 15,000 men, under the command of Dervish Pasha. Meanwhile, the Conference has been placed in a very awkward position by **RUSSIA**, who, after keeping the members idle for several days, instructed her representative to state that his Government divided the Egyptian question into two parts, and would only join in the deliberations when the Suez Canal was under discussion. A Note to this effect was sent to the Powers, but subsequently Russia's views were modified, and M. d'Onou appeared on Wednesday. At the next meeting of the Conference the protection of the Canal was expected to be discussed. The project of an international protection for the Canal proposed by Italy appears to find favour, and in this case, Spain, Greece, and the Netherlands might probably be asked to join—an invitation for which Spain is only too eager. What, however, will M. de Lesseps say to such a plan? His recent conduct and violent utterances at Ismailia have met with general reprobation, for not only does he boast of Arabi's

protection and assistance, but he declares that he will call in the aid of a Bedouin tribe to oppose the landing of foreign troops. Accordingly the Khédive has officially authorised Admiral Hoskins, who is in command of the British ships at Port Said, to land troops at any point along the canal in case of necessity.

As during the last few weeks, Egyptian affairs absorb nearly the whole attention of Europe, while in **INDIA** the interest increases daily. It is hoped that the whole of the Indian contingent under the command of Sir Herbert Macpherson will be embarked by next Tuesday, and it is satisfactory to learn that the Moslems sympathise very little with Arabi, owing to his disobedience to the Caliph. Returning to Europe, in **RUSSIA** the feeling against England is more virulently expressed than ever, except by the *Colos*, while the semi-official *Journal de St. Petersburg* points out the complications of the situation. **ITALY** is pacified by the invitation to co-operate in Egypt, while **GERMANY** says little, but considers that Turkey has consented to act too late in the day.

As to **FRANCE**, she has declared in the plainest possible terms for non-intervention, and has overturned the Ministry who proposed it by an enormous majority, unprecedented in Parliamentary annals. The credit demanded for the naval preparations was reported against by the Committee charged to consider the vote, and when the report was brought forward M. de Freycinet asked for the debate to be adjourned, as in the interval the situation had changed by Turkey agreeing to send troops. Delay availed nothing; the Minister struck a wrong note altogether in his speech on Saturday, and under the persuasion of M. Clémenceau and M. de Marcère the vote was refused by a majority of 416 to 75. M. Gambetta studiously abstained from speaking, and his silence is generally blamed, being considered as unpatriotic, and solely due to personal animosity to M. de Freycinet. The Ministry, of course, resigned, and the appointment of their successors was rendered more perplexing than ever, for as all shades of opinion had coalesced in opposition, it was almost impossible to decide from what party a Cabinet could be chosen having the slightest chance of existence. The post of French Premier is peculiarly trying and unthankful at the present juncture, and such are the curious changes of Gallic opinion that it was proposed that M. de Freycinet should again take up his portfolio, and reconstruct the Cabinet under materially changed conditions. His fall is asserted to be due to two causes—to yielding to the occult influence of Prince Bismarck, and to being forced to support the views of his colleagues which he did not completely share. Prince Bismarck indeed openly expressed his desire that M. de Freycinet should resume office, but the ex-Minister steadily refuses, and at present it seems likely that a working Cabinet will be formed under the presidency of M. Duclerc, formerly Vice-President of the Senate. Baron de Courcel, Minister at Berlin, would be the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Public opinion is very moderate on the subject, and even those who feel most that France loses prestige by her abstention from action are forced to acknowledge the strong anxiety for peace throughout the country at large. A crisis at this time is none the less awkward, and the Chamber has been obliged to adjourn, as it cannot go on with the Budget discussion when there is no Cabinet. The naval preparations have been stopped altogether.

**GERMANY** is certainly not so addicted to Ministerial changes as her neighbour. While France has had ten Prime Ministers in eleven years, Prince Bismarck, on September 24th, will have held the Prussian Premiership for twenty years, and it is suggested that some national acknowledgment of his services should be presented to him on the coming anniversary. The Prince's health is much better this year than usual, and he is particularly hard at work just now. Two huge packets of despatches arrive daily, while he is also consulting about Clerical affairs with the German Envoy at the Vatican, now staying at Varzin.—The naval officer Meiling, lately tried for selling plans of the coast defences to the Russian Government, has been sentenced to six years' hard labour. It appears that he began his intrigues early in the year, but had only furnished some minor information when he was betrayed by a Russian. His accomplice committed suicide.

**UNITED STATES.**—A remarkable spell of heat has prevailed along the Atlantic coast, producing numerous cases of sunstroke and a large mortality among infants, particularly in New York. Congress is accordingly anxious for a holiday, and has put aside the Tax question for this Session, while the members also shelved the resolution condemning Admiral Nicholson's conduct in landing marines at Alexandria. Indeed, the Admiral's action is generally approved both by the authorities and by the public at large, who are very gratified with the praise accorded to their small body of marines. The American Government have agreed to arbitrate on the boundary question between Mexico and Guatemala, provided the two Governments make a joint application.—The American railway system continues to grow with enormous rapidity. Last year nearly 10,000 miles of new railways were constructed, and this year promises to equal the amount. Indeed, the length of railways laid in the past five months considerably exceeds that of the corresponding period in 1881. Now some 1-32nd part of the Transatlantic population are engaged on the railways, while last year nearly 85,000,000*l.* were spent in railway construction and repairs.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—**RUSSIA** is reorganising her army, and intends to increase the cavalry, and transform them into dragoons, armed with light bayonet rifles.—In **AUSTRIA** the trial of the eleven Ruthenians charged with high treason in plotting for the severance of Galicia, Bukovina, and Northern Hungary from the Empire, has resulted in four of the accused being condemned to terms of imprisonment varying from eight to three months, with a day's fast fortnightly. Heavy rains have caused inundations from the Danube and its tributaries, and in Hungary the crops have been greatly damaged.—**SWITZERLAND** has also suffered from violent storms, the hail having done much injury in the Canton of Fribourg, where even the trees were uprooted, while the village of Lachen on the Lake of Zurich has been nearly destroyed by a waterspout which washed down huge stones from the mountain.—In **INDIA** the ex-Gaekwar of Baroda, who was deposed seven years ago for attempting to poison the British Resident, Colonel Phayre, has died of a brain affection after a lingering illness. The petroleum difficulty is not yet settled, and the disputed oil cargo remains on the river banks at Calcutta, to the imminent danger of the neighbourhood, as the rain has spoiled the casks, and some of the oil is leaking out.—In **SOUTH AFRICA** affairs in Zululand remain very disturbed, and as the people are afraid to plant, a famine is feared. Trade is bad both in Natal and at the Cape.



**THE QUEEN** received at Osborne at the end of last week the chief officers holding commands in the British expeditionary force to Egypt, while Her Majesty has sent special messages to the troops on their departure. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught also went down to Osborne for the Duke to take leave of the Queen. On Saturday Her Majesty gave audiences to the Lord Chamberlain and the Comptroller of the Household, who presented addresses from Parliament in reply to the Royal Message calling out the Reserves,

and next morning the Queen, with the Princess Beatrice and the Princesses Sophie and Margaret of Prussia, attended Divine Service at Osborne, when the Rev. Arthur Peile officiated. Later in the day the Duchess of Connaught and her baby daughter arrived on a visit, being followed on Monday by the Duke and Duchess of Albany, who received an enthusiastic welcome at East Cowes, the inhabitants assembling to meet them, and a floral arch being erected. On Tuesday Her Majesty gave audience to Sir W. Harcourt, and received the Bishop of Newcastle, while on Wednesday morning the Queen and Princesses took up their position on the terrace to see the *Holland* pass with the Household Cavalry. Her Majesty signalled to the vessel "I wish you all God speed," and next day was expected to see the *Calabria* pass with the remainder of the contingent. The Prince and Princess of Wales accompanied the *Holland* some distance in the *Osborne*.—When the Queen goes to the Highlands about the 23rd inst., Her Majesty will probably visit on her way the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at Drumlanrig Castle, Dumfries.

The Prince and Princess of Wales returned to town from Goodwood instead of going to the Isle of Wight as at first arranged, the Prince wishing to take leave of the troops going on foreign service. Indeed it is stated that the Prince was anxious to accompany the force to Egypt, but gave up the plan at the Queen's request. The Dukes of Connaught and Teck visited the Prince and Princess on Saturday, and the Prince presided at a meeting of the Governors of Wellington College. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, with their daughters, accompanied the Duchess of Connaught and the Dukes of Edinburgh and Cambridge, to see the Duke of Connaught off in the *Orient*, the Royal party minutely inspecting the vessel, and going as far as Gravesend, where they took leave of the Duke. On Monday morning, the Prince of Wales inspected a portion of the Household Troops at the Albany Barracks, making them a short farewell speech, while the Princess, who, with her daughters, had witnessed the inspection, shook hands with the officers. Afterwards, the Royal party breakfasted at the barracks, and in the evening the Prince gave a dinner-party to Colonel Ewart, and those officers of the Household Cavalry ordered to the East. On Tuesday, the Prince, with the Princess and daughters, inspected the squadron of the 2nd Life Guards, at Knightsbridge, and the Prince called on Sir Garnet Wolseley, to wish him good-bye. The Duke and Duchess of Teck, and the Dukes of Edinburgh, Cambridge, and Mecklenburg-Strelitz, subsequently lunched with the Prince and Princess, who left in the afternoon to join the *Osborne*, at Cowes. To-day (Saturday) they go in the *Osborne* to the Needles, to meet the young Princess, whose arrival in the *Bacchante* has been delayed nearly a week, owing to the dirty condition of the vessel's keel, which affects her speed. The Prince and Princess leave for Germany about the 22nd inst, and, on their way to Karlsbad, will visit the King and Queen of Denmark, at Rumpenheim, near Frankfurt.—The Prince has asked the English and Welsh Clergy to recommend the Royal College of Music to their parishioners for assistance.

The Duchess of Edinburgh visited Bayreuth last week to be present at the production of Herr Wagner's *Parsifal*. The Duke left for the Continent to join his wife on Tuesday.—The Duke and Duchess of Albany have been spending a week at Boyton Manor, Wilts, where the Duke lived some years ago.—Princess Christian is translating a German work on "First Help in Sudden Accidents," and the volume will soon be published.—Prince Henry of Prussia, second son of the Crown Prince and Princess, leaves in October for an eighteen months' voyage round the world.



**THE CHURCH AND THE DRINK TRAFFIC.**—Canon Wilberforce has written a long letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, calling attention to the extremely awkward fact that the Church is the proprietor of a larger number of public houses than any other landowner in the kingdom, and, what is worse, that whenever the leases fall in the Church Commissioners have the property valued, to ascertain if the rental can be increased. The Primate, in his reply, says that the facts are new to him, and promises to draw the attention of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to the subject, which he acknowledges is one of great importance. The result will undoubtedly be awaited with considerable curiosity.

**ECCLESIASTICAL AND MORTUARY FEES.**—The report of the Select Committee on Ecclesiastical and Mortuary Fees just issued recommends the immediate repeal of all Acts authorising mortuary fees, saving the rights of existing incumbents. As to burial fees, if they are to be retained at all, the Committee are of opinion that they should be retained only in cases where the Church of England Burial Service is actually read by or on behalf of the incumbent demanding the fee. They also recommend that the use of brick graves and leaden coffins should be discouraged, and that no ecclesiastical fees in respect of them shall be allowed; and further, that fees to incumbents when an iron railing is placed round a grave or a monument should be disallowed, together with the right of an incumbent to allow animals to graze in his churchyard.

**THE EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION.**—No fewer than eleven clergymen, seven of whom are recognised military chaplains, and the rest specially appointed, will accompany the troops now being sent out for the Egyptian campaign. Four of them are Church of England men, three Roman Catholics, two Presbyterians, and two Wesleyans. All the transports which start from London are boarded by agents of the Thames Church Mission, in order that every soldier should be supplied gratis with a copy of the New Testament, and some illustrated religious periodicals granted by the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Religious Tract Society.

**PENANCE IN A PROTESTANT CHURCH.**—On Sunday last, at All Saints Church, East Clevedon, a strange scene was enacted, a man named Hartree being called forward and kneeling at the chancel steps, whilst the vicar read aloud to the large congregation his written acknowledgment of "grievous sin" and petition for forgiveness. The Vicar then imposed upon him the penance of presenting himself at the Somerset Assizes by the side of the young woman whom he had wronged, when she appeared there to be tried for the manslaughter of her infant. The man having accepted this penance, the Vicar turned to the congregation asking if they would forgive him, provided he carried out his promise, and help to a better life, shielding him from reproach in this matter, to both of which queries they responded, "I will." On Wednesday, the girl alluded to was tried for concealment of birth, and sentenced to a month's hard labour, the Grand Jury having thrown out the bill for manslaughter. None of the reports say whether or no Hartree presented himself in Court.

**EXTRAORDINARY TITHES.**—A number of landowners, farmers, and others interested in the abolition of the extraordinary tithes met on Monday at the Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge, and adopted resolutions condemning them as an unfair tax, an impediment to agriculture, hampering new cultivation, and an impost injurious both to producer and consumer. It was also resolved to appoint a deputation from the Anti-Extraordinary Tithe Association to wait upon the Government to urge the necessity of legislation early next Session.



**A MEDICAL MISSIONARY FOR CENTRAL AFRICA.**—Dr. James Petrie, the son of a clergyman of the Scottish Episcopal Church, has been selected by the Guild of St. Luke as the Medical Missionary for Central Africa, to work with Archdeacon Farler, under Bishop Steere.

ARCHDEACON DUNBAR has failed in his appeal from the decision of Mr. Justice Chitty restraining him from conducting Divine Service at St. Andrew's Church, Tavistock Place. The Master of the Rolls, with whom Lord Justices Brett and Cotton concurred, said that the words "regular clergyman" were to him a novelty, but it was the duty of the Court to put a reasonable construction upon them, and the appeal must therefore be dismissed.



THE closing night at the LYCEUM may be said to mark the end of the London theatrical season; though it rarely if ever exhibits any signs of flagging interest in dramatic entertainments whether the weather be sultry or cool. On Saturday last every seat in the house was occupied, and never was an audience more willing to be pleased. The occasion was the hundred-and-thirtieth consecutive representation of *Romeo and Juliet*—a "run," as actors call it, which we may safely say is unparalleled; yet it was announced that the theatre will, after the unusually brief holiday of five weeks, reopen with this play. How much the public interest in this revival may be due to the extraordinary beauty of the scenery and how much to the intrinsic interest of the acting it would be ungracious to inquire. Mr. Irving, it may be conceded, does not shine particularly in the character of a fervent young lover; and though Miss Ellen Terry is always full of charm and tenderness, her Juliet, it may be allowed, will not rank among her greatest triumphs. But to those detractors who insinuate that the scenery is the sole or the main attraction Mr. Irving might very fairly reply that the patrons of the Lyceum, by the reception which they accord to him and Miss Terry and Mrs. Stirling, certainly do not support the doctrine that their interest is centred in the scenic artists. Mr. Irving's speech, which is always a popular and interesting incident of a closing night at the Lyceum, was on this occasion somewhat barren of news, but that is perhaps a necessary result of the prosperity of the theatre and of the avowed principle of the management, which is to "let well alone," and to make no change in the bill so long as the public are satisfied. Upon the withdrawal of *Romeo and Juliet* we are, it is now officially announced, to have a revival of *Much Ado About Nothing*, in which Mr. Irving will of course play Benedick and Miss Terry Beatrice. The contemplated revival of *Coriolanus*, for which Mr. Alma Tadema has completed his elaborate drawings, is, it appears, indefinitely postponed.

DRURY LANE re-opens this evening with an elaborate romantic drama written by Mr. Augustus Harris and Mr. Henry Pettitt, and entitled *Phuk: a Story of 50,000*.

THE VAUDEVILLE, which has been closed for a brief vacation, re-opens this evening with Lord Lytton's *Money*.

*Drink* will be revived at the ADELPHI on Monday with Mr. Charles Warner in his original part of Coupeau.

According to the New York papers the production of Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert's new opera has been postponed till the new year. On the same authority it may be stated that the piece is to be called the *Princess Pearl*.

Miss E. Farren and the regular GAIETY company will re-appear at the Gaiety on Monday next in the revived extravaganza of *Aladdin*.

An American piece, described as a musical oddity, which has been performed a great number of times in the United States, will be performed for the first time in this country at the OLYMPIC on Monday next. Its title is *Fun on the Bristol*. The leading character will be sustained by Mr. J. T. Sheridan, an American performer of some reputation.



**WAGNER'S PARSIFAL.**—Impartial opinion with regard to the merits of this last *Bühnenweihfestspiel* can in no way be influenced by the dicta of those "patrons" and uncompromising worshippers who enjoyed the inestimable privilege of witnessing the first two performances, in the house that Richard Wagner built upon a hill commanding the "City of the Margravine," and the residence of Jean Paul. As might have been expected, their verdict, loudly enunciated, is one of unanimous approval, and, if we adhere to the letter—not the spirit—of the word, unanimously enthusiastic. Happily, the "Second Bayreuthiad" is not destined for such barren results. It will find historiographers in critics and connoisseurs of more or less repute from foreign countries, who, debarr'd from the exclusively aristocratic manifestations with which that Bayreuthiad was inaugurated, will, like sturdy Plebeians, conscious of their social inferiority, take eager advantage of what is to follow. These, by the payment of thirty marks—ten marks less than the value of the "seal-ring of my grandfather," stolen from the pocket of Sir John Falstaff, when taking his ease at his inn—will have opportunity enough for testing the Patronic decision. *Parsifal* is to be given three times weekly up to the end of the current month; and it is well that it should be so, Wagner peremptorily opposing its being played anywhere outside Bayreuth. Thus, whoever desires to hear it, must travel to the small and by no means inviting Franconian city for the purpose. True, the poet-musician, after the first Bayreuthiad, prohibited with equal sternness the reproduction of his complete Tetralogy elsewhere; but circumstances, to which even Wagner is as much a slave as the most uninitiated, altered his resolution, and the sympathetic Herr Neumann obtained leave to farm out the *Ring des Nibelungen* in its integrity, where and however he might find it expedient. The issue is that Wagner grows rich on the profits derived from public representations of this erst forbidden masterpiece. Such also may be the destiny of *Parsifal*; in which case, freshly converted neophytes, trembling at the threshold of the temple, and shy catechumens, who, though anxious for admission, have not yet mastered the mere rudiments of Wagnerism, may stand some chance of making acquaintance with it nearer home. It requires a full purse and much leisure for those who live far off to undertake a pilgrimage to the shrine—a fact which many of the Knights of the Round Table, who followed in the quest of the "Sangreall" (as Malory frequently spells the word), soon discovered to their cost. The plan and character of the drama, which Wagner has built out of materials derived from more than one version of the "*Parsifal*," (or as Wolfram von Escherbach, the mediæval poet, styles it, "*Perceval*"), *saga* have been frequently referred to. Its poetical distinction, notwithstanding violations of good taste that materially weaken the impression it might otherwise create, has been cheerfully recognised. On

the other hand, its immoral tendency, as demonstrated in the second act, where the maiden virtue of the hero is exposed to so trying an ordeal, and the free use of ceremonies sacred to the Catholic Christian Church, employed for the purposes of theatrical effect, so as to fit in with the development of a fantastic and ridiculous legend, have been as frankly condemned. The scene in the last act, where Kundry, Magdalen-like, washes Parsifal's feet, and dries them with her hair, in return for which Parsifal baptises her, and the Sacramental feast in the scene following, out-Wagners Wagner himself, who seems to regard all themes, sacred or secular, as his rightful prerogative, when he finds it expedient to make use of them. These scenes, however, are insurmountable obstacles to the production of his last dramatic work—his *magnum opus*, as it is already pronounced by fanatical advocates *quand même*—from ever being heard in England, which, while causing regret to some, will afford unqualified satisfaction to the many who would not willingly see music deprived of its legitimate position as an independent art, and formlessness substituted for form. The first public representation of *Parsifal* took place on Tuesday, when the uninitiated being admitted at the charges already intimated, doubtless judged the work on its merits, and will make their impressions generally known. Until then we reserve future remarks. The vocal score of the new opera-drama is published, and any one may examine it.

**BALFE'S POSTHUMOUS SACRED WORK.**—The movements from a sacred composition left unfinished by Michael William Balfe, which are to be performed at Westminster Abbey, on the 20th of October, when the tablet erected to his memory is uncovered, comprises a "Gratias agimus," in the key of B flat; a "Sanctus," in the minor of the same key; and an "Agnus Dei," in F major. Having had an opportunity of perusing the score of each, we can testify to the genuine merits of these excerpts left us by our popular countryman, and only regret that a work promising so well should not have been completed.

**WAIFS.**—Herr Neumann, it is said, intends giving a series of performances of the *King des Nibelungen* in the United States (which we can easily credit); and, further, that he has already a guarantee of 100,000 dollars (which we can less easily credit). The *Musical World* suggests that Mr. Theodore Thomas, the most rabid of Yankee Wagnerites, should conduct the performances.—Mr. Frederick Archer is appointed solo-organist at the approaching Musical Festival, to be held at Worcester (Massachusetts).—The new Théâtre des Arts, at Rouen, will be appropriately inaugurated by a special performance of Boieldieu's *La Dame Blanche*. Boieldieu was a native of Rouen, where a statue is erected to his memory.—The number of students in the Milan Conservatory last year was 217; 101 among whom were ladies.—A Ministerial edict directs that all musical works, printed or manuscript, contained in the various public libraries at Rome, shall, from this time forward, be preserved in the library of the St. Cecilia Society. A wise step, and one that must greatly facilitate research.—In Paris, at the Théâtre du Chateau d'Eau, they are about to revive the once popular, now scarcely remembered, *Masaniello* of Carafa, the intimate friend of Rossini.—A minuet, said to have been composed by Mozart at the age of four, and written down for him by his father, Leopold Mozart, has been published by the Milan *Illustrazione Popolare*.—Marie Sass, the original Selika chosen by Meyerbeer for his last opera, the *Africaine*, intends founding a new vocal school.—The conductors of the Hamburg "Singers' Festival" will be Professor von Bernuth and Herr Schmidt, from Munich.—Signor Schira has left on his annual visit to Italy.—M. Pasdeloup, with his famous orchestra of the Cirque, has gone to Bordeaux, where, during the "Exposition," he promises twelve classical concerts in the Grand Théâtre. Amateurs in the ancient capital of La Guienne will receive M. Pasdeloup with open arms.—A French adaption of *Der Lustige Krieg*, the last comic *Sing-spiel* of the popular Johann Strauss, is said to be preparing for the Paris Renaissance. A correspondent from Vienna proclaims it not only the last but best work of its composer, containing themes ready to hand for mazurkas, polkas, waltzes (waltzes especially) innumerable.—A new singer, American we believe, styling herself Mdle. Nordica, has appeared at the Théâtre National de l'Opéra, as Marguerite, in Gounod's *Faust*, with a success that can hardly be pronounced unqualified.—It is reported in a German paper that during one of the representations of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth, Erti, a chorus-singer, became suddenly deranged.—The Covent Garden Promenade Concerts begin this evening, again under the direction of Mr. Gwilym Crowe, who was so successful last summer.—Among the novelties in the programme of the ensuing Birmingham Festival is a cantata entitled *Psyche*, by Niels Gade, the Danish composer, whose merits were first discovered and acknowledged by Mendelssohn.



**THE "FREIHEIT" PROSECUTION.**—The German composer, William Mertens, who, with the man Schwelms, was arrested for being concerned in the publication of articles in the *Freiheit*, inciting to bloodshed and murder, was tried at the Central Criminal Court on Tuesday before Mr. Justice Stephen, who, in summing-up, said that the only question for the jury was whether the prisoner was aware of the nature of the articles, or whether he was merely an innocent agent. The jury found him guilty, and a sentence of three months' imprisonment was imposed. It will be remembered that Schwelms was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

**THE TREASON-FELONY CHARGE** against Thomas Walsh, the man who had control of the supposed Fenian arsenal in Clerkenwell, at the Central Criminal Court will be tried on Monday, a postponement having been granted to enable the Crown to produce extra evidence of a very important nature. The most stringent precautions will be taken in and about the Court for the safe custody of the prisoner, and the protection of the Judge, counsel, and witnesses.

**THE PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICE PRINCIPLE** can hardly be more absolutely adopted than it would seem to have been by an Army Reserve man at Burton-on-Trent, who the other day attempted suicide by jumping into the river because he had been called out for active service.

**TELEPHONES AND THE POST-OFFICE.**—The litigation between the Postmaster-General and the Northern District Telephone Company, carrying on business at Newcastle and Sunderland, has been amicably settled; the defendants agreeing to discontinue their infringement of the Government monopoly, and the Justices of the Queen's Bench Division, Sir J. Hannen and Mr. Justice Field, ordering that the terms of the consent should be made part of the injunction, which was to be made absolute.

**A SINGULAR CASE.**—At the Chester Assizes, last week, the executors of the late Lord Wenlock brought an action against the manager of the River Dee Company to recover 175,000*l.* lent on mortgage to them some years ago. The extraordinary plea was set up that the Company's borrowing powers being limited by its Act of Parliament to 25,000*l.* nothing beyond that sum could be legally recovered from them. Mr. Baron Huddleston, however, decided

in the plaintiffs' favour, but it remains to be seen whether his common-sense view of the matter will be upheld by the Superior Courts.

**ANOTHER CURIOUS DISPUTE** affecting the relations of directors and shareholders has just been settled in the Court of Appeal, the Master of the Rolls and Lords Justices Brett and Cotton confirming a decision given by Vice-Chancellor Bacon to the effect that for the directors of a company to distribute to the shareholders a portion of its capital under the name of "dividends" when no profit is being made constitutes a breach of trust, and leaves the directors liable to the creditors of the company. It is further declared that no reduction of the capital of a Limited Liability Company is valid, even if sanctioned by a general meeting of the shareholders, without the consent of the Court obtained through the machinery of the Act of 1867.

**THE BLASPHEMY PROSECUTION.**—Mr. Justice Stephen has granted a writ of *certiorari* removing the trial of Messrs. Bradlaugh, Ramsay, and Foote from the Central Criminal Court to the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. As the Long Vacation commences on Wednesday next, it is probable that the trial will not come on before the November sittings.

**BANKRUPTCY LAW REFORM.**—There being no immediate prospect of any change in the Law of Bankruptcy, the London Chamber of Commerce, the other day, sent a deputation to the Lord Chancellor to urge upon him a number of alterations in the rules and orders of the Court, which, in their opinion, would mitigate the evils of which creditors complain. His Lordship, however, did not agree with the legal advisers of the Chamber, that he, in conjunction with the Chief Judge in Bankruptcy, had power to make these changes, except one referring to the valuation of securities, upon which he promised to consult the President of the Board of Trade.

**LADY GUARDIANS OF THE POOR.**—The Law Officers of the Crown have, at the request of the Local Government Board, given their opinion on the case of Mrs. Shearer, who, as Miss Downing, was for some time a member of the Islington Board of Guardians, and who contended that her recent marriage had not disqualified her from holding that office. They say that in law the husband, being the rateable occupier of the house, is the qualified person, even though the house is the separate property of his wife; the question of "occupation" being totally distinct from that of ownership.

**THE CHAMPAGNE FRAUDS.**—The four ingenious gentlemen who proposed to make themselves rich by the simple process of selling comparatively worthless wine in bottles bearing the most esteemed brands and labels, have been convicted of conspiring to defraud, and sentenced, the leading spirit to eighteen months', and the others to nine months', with hard labour.

**A PIECE OF UNDESERVED GOOD FORTUNE** has just befallen Mr. John Walter Wood, who on Saturday was committed for trial for stealing an overcoat from an hotel at Durham, and on Monday received news that a legacy of 2,000*l.* had been left to him by a relative. It is stated that he has already run through a fortune of 20,000*l.*, and during the past few months has been several times in gaol for petty thefts.

**CAN ACTING BE TAUGHT?**—The necessity of laying down a precise definition of the terms of a proposition which one desires to establish has perhaps never been more remarkably exemplified than in the contention which has recently arisen as to the possibility of teaching the art of acting. At a recent meeting at the Mansion House Mr. John Ryder expressed a strong doubt upon the matter, and this led in an indirect manner to the lecture or address delivered last week at the Lyceum Theatre by Mr. Dion Boucicault, who undertook to show how acting could and should be taught. Mr. Boucicault told and showed his audience many things which as professionals they probably all knew as well as he; how to walk, to kneel, to take up one's hat, and so forth; and he alluded to the necessity of clear enunciation, and of employing suitable gestures when speaking or being spoken to, but not a word was said in contra-vention of Mr. Ryder's proposition that acting "from the heart, with passion, feeling, and power," must come by nature, and can never be acquired even by the most diligent student unless he possesses the natural capacity. Both parties had neglected to say what they meant by acting, and now the whole business is over, and explanations have been made, it appears that there was after all no real difference of opinion between the disputants, for Mr. Boucicault has since written to the *Pall Mall Gazette* acknowledging that what he maintains it is practicable to teach is only the "technique of the art." This indeed was what his whole lecture tended to show, but it is also what has never been denied by Mr. Ryder, or any one else. Mr. Boucicault's lecture was amusing, and would have been instructive to an audience of very raw amateurs, but to such an assembly as the one to which it was delivered it must have been something of a bore. Every one, both in and out of the profession, who has given a moment's thought to the subject understands that it is not enough to behave on the stage simply as one would do in real life. Articulation, gesture, and posture must all of necessity be more highly accentuated in order that a proper effect may be produced upon the spectators, especially those occupying the more remote seats of a large theatre. The pith and marrow of Mr. Boucicault's position lies in his complaint that the rudimentary principles, a full knowledge of which he deems necessary to an embryo actor before he can be trusted to follow the promptings of his genius, have to be picked up in a haphazard way, so that much time is lost in their acquisition. There are no written rules or precepts, and we fear that even Mr. Boucicault himself would find the compilation of anything like a complete code an extremely difficult if not an impossible task. Observation, experiment, and practice seem to us the only means by which they can be acquired. There may thus be plenty of work for the new School of Dramatic Art in the development of budding genius, but we cannot agree with the complaints that are sometimes made as to the dearth of good actors in the present day. It may be that there are fewer great "stars," and, owing to the fashion of long runs, a lesser number of "all-round" actors and actresses than there were fifty or a hundred years ago; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that we have now a far greater number of theatres, and that, although there is still ample room for improvement, the various companies taken each as a whole display a greater amount of average talent than at any previous period of the history of the British stage.

**ENRICHED MILK.**—A correspondent says:—"One hears of cheeses made from enriched skim milk, one and a half pounds of oil warmed to 135 degrees Fahr. being added to 100*lb.* of skim milk, also warmed to 135 degrees, and the two thoroughly mixed together. Now, why may not dairy farmers who make butter and who rear their calves on skim milk follow out this plan? It seems to me it would be a good system to try. A bucket of milk put into boiling water until 153 degrees are obtained, and a tin of linseed oil treated in the same way, would be an easily-made dish for a few calves."

**"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" IN HINDUSTANI** is quoted by the *Globe*, and this is how our National Anthem looks when translated into an Eastern tongue:—

Khuda bachawe Qaisar ko!  
Be-hadd barhawe Qaisar ko!  
Haqq Qaisar ka yar ho!  
Bhej-dewe us ko ba za far  
Sa'idah kar hamidah far  
Farmandah ham pai haiyat bhar  
Haqq Qaisar ka yar ho!





SIR AUCKLAND COLVIN, K.C.M.G.  
British Controller-General of Egyptian Finances



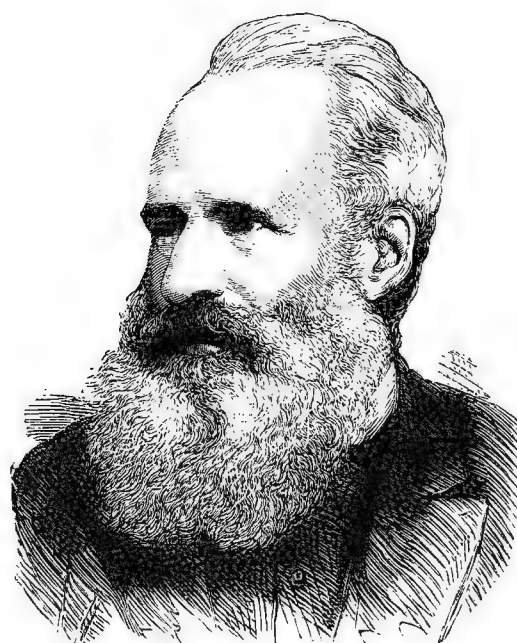
THE LATE MR. BENJAMIN N. WEBSTER (ACTOR)  
Died July 2, aged 84



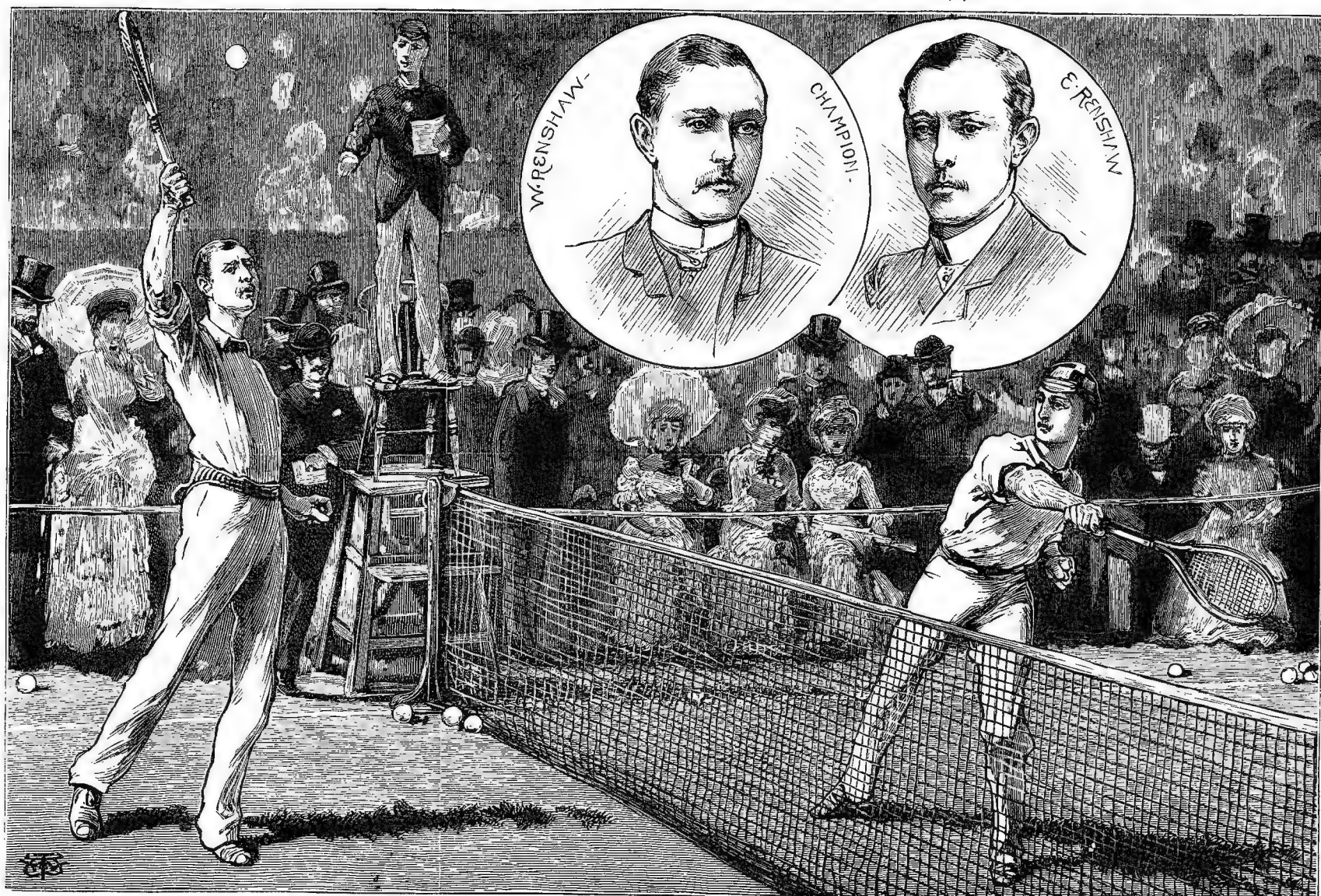
SERGEANT ALEXANDER LAWRENCE, FIRST DUMBARTON  
RIFLE VOLUNTEERS  
Winner of the "Queen's Prize" at the Wimbledon Rifle Meeting



THE LATE MR. HABLOT K. BROWNE, "PHIZ" (ARTIST)  
Died July 2, aged 67



REV. CHARLES GARRETT  
The New President of the Wesleyan Conference



THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING — MESSRS. E. AND W. RENSHAW PLAYING THE FINAL SET





DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

She hid her face in her rough honest hands, and burst into tears.

## KIT—A MEMORY

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &c.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### LUCY DEEDS

MAUD rose and moved to the closed window, through which she affected to look out; but of wood and river and crag, and even of the roses that climbed about the casement she saw nothing; she was picturing to herself a humble but faithful friend about to suffer an unjust humiliation. Mrs. Medway kept her seat; but her fingers played nervously upon the table, and her usually serene and placid face showed great emotion. For a woman she had an exceptionally strong sense of justice; but mingled with it there was all the indignation of a woman, which, when the wrong-doing affects her nearly, no more respects its proper channel than a stream that has burst its banks. She was unconsciously regarding Trenna with great disfavour.

"Will you speak to Lucy, or shall I?" she inquired coldly.

"Oh, not I—not I," cried Trenna, with a quick gesture of alarm.

"Why need anybody speak? Why need she ever know?"

"Because I will have no underhand doings here," answered Mrs. Medway.

It was a very cruel speech, and one she would have never uttered in cold blood. Every one knew that matters at the Grey House were not as they should be; that its master was a difficult one to manage; and that it required a great deal of diplomacy on his daughter's part to keep things straight between him and his son.

Trenna flushed to her forehead, but said nothing; the next moment she turned as white as though a ghost, instead of Lucy Deeds, was standing before her.

"If you please, ma'am, did you ring?" said Lucy, addressing her mistress. A bright little creature she was, with one of those honest smiles which is the index of a wholesome nature; her eyes, lively rather than intelligent, were wont to assume a look of earnest gravity—which was, in fact, one of distress and puzzlement—at the slightest kink in the cable of life.

"Have you any objection to show Miss Trenna here the contents of your purse?"

"My purse!" Astonishment could no further go than was expressed in Lucy's countenance; she even forgot to say "ma'am." The next moment, however, with a bright blush and some little awkwardness she made a dive into her pocket.

"There's a ring in it, Miss; but it's only one I bought last feast time at Mogadion for luck," she explained, growing redder than ever, "and a dried flower from the Druid Stone, which I once heard Mr. Penryn say was good for fits; and a fourpenny piece

with a hole through it, and that's all. It is but a poor thing, you see, not a bit like the one Miss Maud gave me—"

"That is the one Miss Trenna wants to look at," interrupted Mrs. Medway; "the one that holds your savings."

"I am sure she's welcome, ma'am," said Lucy, but a little stiffly, and with a glance at her young mistress which expressed less satisfaction than surprise. "More than half of what it holds comes from her own house; for Abel is the best of brothers, and never puts by a shilling but what he gives me a sixpence of it."

Here there was a significant silence broken only by a little moan from Trenna.

Mrs. Medway, who had intended to have left her to pursue the rest of the inquiry, relented at this.

"We are curious to see what you have saved, Lucy, and how many bank-notes you have got."

"Lor, ma'am, I've only got one. Abel gave it me, not a week ago, out of his last wages. And there's seven pounds in gold besides, is there not, Miss Maud?—and three of them were his, God bless him—and fourteen shillings in silver."

"There must be no false pretence here," said Maud, turning suddenly round. "There has something happened at the Grey House, Lucy; some bank-notes are missing; and though we know folks (as in this case) to be as honest as the day, it is necessary when such things happen to make the fullest investigation. Mr. Garston has sent Miss Trenna, for satisfaction's sake, to compare the numbers of the notes."

"Lor! bless ye, Miss," said Lucy, her eyes growing very large and frightened, and filling with tears she knew not why, "I've only got one note."

Her simplicity went to her young mistress's heart. "If there were fifty, Lucy, I would swear they were honestly come by."

"Honestly? Why Mr. Garston don't think I stole it, do 'ee?" inquired the girl, with a flush of indignation. "It's difficult enough they say to pick up a morsel of bread and cheese at the Grey House, much more bank-notes."

"Lucy, Lucy," said Mrs. Medway, gently.

"I ask your pardon, ma'am," said Lucy, breathing hard, "and likewise Miss Maud's."

"And I ask yours," said Trenna, humbly. "Do not suppose, Lucy, that I can believe anything ill of you or yours. I am ashamed of myself, though it is no fault of mine, to have come on such an errand."

Lucy felt that she had been in the wrong to have thrown out that hint concerning the want of hospitality in Mr. Garston's servants' hall; but she was quite unequal to frame an apology. The scanti-

ness of her vocabulary, which lies at the root, by the bye, of the strong expressions used by the lower classes, and which we are apt to attribute to a love of coarseness, forbade it; but she expressed her penitence in tears.

"Come, Lucy," said Maud, "no one but yourself shall touch your money; let us see it."

Lucy opened a drawer in Maud's desk, and took out the handsome morocco purse which her young mistress had given her by way of strong box, and displayed its contents; the little hoard of years contributed by love and toil.

"This is the bank-note, Miss Trenna, that my brother gave me last week."

But Trenna shook her head in sign that she would not touch it. Her limbs shook too, and her face was ghastly pale.

Maud took out the note, and unfolded it.

"I call you all to witness," she said, "that the number is 28882, you will remember it by the three eights and the two two's—but you had better write it down. What is the matter? Good Heavens! I had forgotten the slip."

Trenna was staring at the paper with its rows of figures as though a viper had curled itself round her fingers; Maud, who leant over her shoulder, was staring at it too with incredulity and horror mingled in her countenance.

"Is it there?" inquired Mrs. Medway, with a silent movement of her lips.

"It is there," was her daughter's dumb reply. There was a painful silence, broken only by a rosebud without tapping importunately against the pane.

"I don't understand it, Miss Maud," exclaimed Lucy, pitifully.

"Is there anything wrong with Abel's note?"

She looked from one to the other in distressed amazement; their silence had not the eloquence which it would have had for any one of trained intelligence. "It is not, it surely isn't—one of those that has been stolen?"

"It is one of those that are missing," said Maud, gently. "But the list may not be correct; in any case we are all quite certain that Abel has done nothing wrong—what are you doing, Lucy?"

The girl had suddenly emptied the contents of the purse upon the table.

"Please to throw it all away, Miss, or give it to some rich person as doesn't want it. It's that way as all poor people's money ought to go. They has no business to make it, nor to spend it, nor to keep it. They was born to work and not to save; and when they has been worked out there is the work-house for them. I've had pleasure, I own it, in putting this little money together, for I thought it might



be useful to mother in her old age, or perhaps to Abel himself if he fell ill and was out of place—but I see now it was all wrong, and worse than useless."

"Oh Lucy, Lucy, do not be so bitter," cried Maud imploringly. "You have cut poor Miss Trenna, you see"—who indeed was sobbing and trembling like a child—"to the very heart."

"Miss Trenna is a young lady," continued Lucy coldly, "and ought to know better than to make herself miserable about poor people. If it was her brother now as was accused of a misdeed—not a mere trifle such as breaking a poor girl's heart, but of something again the law—she would know where to go for help and advice. Them as makes the law, or lives by it, would hold him harmless. But for such as Abel, as is as free from blame as any here, who shall prove it? God help him—God help his poor mother."

She hid her face in her rough honest hands and burst into tears.

"Lucy, Lucy dear," said Maud gently, and with her arm stealing round the poor girl's waist, "you are distressing us all without cause. Abel, as you say, is as innocent of this crime, if a crime indeed has been committed, as mamma or I. But you make a great mistake in supposing that he is without friends. However ill matters may look for him they will not look ill in our eyes; and we shall stand by him. If the worst comes to the worst—I mean if there should be a trial—mamma will see he has the best of counsel. If I thought otherwise, I have money of my own which could never be spent in a better cause. I am not one to desert old friends."

"Lucy knows that, don't you, Lucy?" says Mrs. Medway cheerfully. "Why if there was neither Miss Maud nor I to do it, my son Mark would see Abel righted."

"God bless him, God bless Mr. Mark," sobbed Lucy. "I was wrong to say the poor had no friends."

"Moreover," continued Mrs. Medway, "you must remember that Abel has no enemies. Mr. Garston is only seeking his own, and accuses nobody. And as for Mr. Christopher and Miss Trenna, I am sure no one will be more pleased than they when the day comes, as it will come, which shall clear up this unfortunate matter."

The speaker looked at Trenna as if expecting her to say something on her own account; but she looked in vain. Trenna had risen from her seat and taken Maud's vacated place at the window, where she stood with her back to the others.

"I don't want any one but them as knows him and believes in him to take Abel's part," said Lucy sturdily. "If you please, ma'am, I must go to Mogadon and see mother."

"Dear me, but is that necessary?" inquired Mrs. Medway in hesitating tones; "I mean that your mother should be told. What do you say, Trenna?"

Trenna, thus appealed to, turned a pale pained face towards her hostess, and answered in a sad laborious way, that would have been mechanical but for its weariness and distress, "I fear so; it can be but a matter of time. Rachael must know it sooner or later." But Lucy, holding her apron to her eyes with both her hands, like blank Despair, had already found her way to the door.

## CHAPTER XII.

### "I MEAN TO HAVE JUSTICE"

IN the country, politics, except at election times, and public matters generally, do not much move men's minds; literature attracts but slight attention, and science less; but, on the other hand, local affairs create an excitement which to the dwellers in town is inconceivable. If an inhabitant of Soho is murdered, and afterwards cut in pieces for the convenience of secret interment, the circumstance affects Bayswater no more than if it had happened in Liverpool; whereas, in country places, the effect of all incidents depends on nearness, like the shock of a clap of thunder. In Mogadon, where there were no murders, and no one had been cut up since the days of the Druids, the rumour of a theft of 200*l.* was certain to make a great noise.

The Medways foresaw this, and were very willing that Lucy should betake herself to Dr. Meade's, lest the news in some sort of connection with Abel should reach his mother's ears by another channel. Mark himself, whose kindness of heart the girl had not exaggerated when she had called him the friend of the poor, insisted on driving her over to Mogadon. She would thereby reach her destination more quickly than on foot, while the fact of her being in his company would show how the family at The Knoll sympathised with her and hers.

It did not strike him that it might also place him in a position of apparent antagonism to Abel's prosecutor, for such, when the story of the bank notes came to be told, Mr. Garston would certainly become. Indeed, in his simplicity and tenderness he took it for granted that Mr. Garston, like everybody else, would be distressed to the last degree by the recent discovery, and be chiefly concerned with the problem of how to account for it consistently with Abel's innocence.

"I shall drop Lucy at The Dovecote, and go straight to Kit at once," he said to Trenna, who with Mrs. Medway and Maud had come to the front door, as their manner was on the occasion of all domestic exoduses, to see him off. Trenna did not reply in words, but a sorrowful nod and a grateful smile acknowledged his forethought.

Next to Lucy, indeed, Mark pitied Kit, whom he knew the news he brought with him would place in an embarrassing position. Old Garston was hard to hold where any question of gain was concerned; he strained in the leash after his six-and-eightpences, so that his feelings on the occasion of such a loss as the present could be probably only paralleled by the sentiments of the tigress robbed of her young.

It was a great relief to Mark that when he dropped Lucy at Dr. Meade's, according to promise, neither the Doctor nor Frank were visible, and especially that old Rachael did not make her appearance in the little garden. His mind misgave him that their indignation at what had happened would not be confined to the Master of the Grey House, but would extend to all its inmates, however innocent; and, until he had seen Kit, and heard what he had to say, it would be difficult to defend him. Trenna's mention of Lucy's savings, which to an outsider, and considering its result, would have seemed very sagacious and conducive to the ends of justice, would in the eyes of Abel's friends, appear most unfortunate, not to say mischievous; for the finding of the note would not shake their faith in the lad one whit, as Mark could well understand, since it did not shake his own.

Indeed, when Abel himself answered his ring at the Grey House gate, and, with simple freedom, inquired after the health of the ladies at The Knoll, he could hardly refrain from taking his hand and assuring him of his unshaken faith in his integrity.

A more faithful, honest creature, than Abel Deeds it was difficult to imagine. He had not the personal attractions of his sister, nor the rugged intelligence of old Rachel; but he had a smile, the dryness of which bespoke him no fool, and a kindliness of expression, which is the best substitute for comeliness, whether in man or woman.

"Master was in," he said; "and he believed Mr. Christopher was with him in the parlour."

This was a small and not very comfortable apartment, but preferred by the lawyer to either drawing-room or dining-room, and which, in consequence of its being used for the reception of his clients, was known as "the cobweb." The walls were ornamented with a ground plan of the Grey House (including a particular sketch of the drainage) and a picture of the sloop *Alicante* in the act of going to pieces on Penarvon Point. The late Mr. Garston and his little boy had been cast ashore from her; "providentially saved" said the written record beneath the drawing, though, as to

that, opinion was divided; and finding Mogadon to his liking, had established himself there in what capacity it was never quite understood. Though beginning with nothing but the clothes he stood in—and not much of them—he was supposed to have made a livelihood by money-lending, and it was certain that he had left something behind him which had prospered considerably in his son's hands.

The present owner of the Grey House had married a native of Mogadon with a small fortune of her own, and that most admirable complement of it, no relations; but she had died in giving birth to Christopher, and her decease severed the only tie that bound her husband to his neighbours, with whom he had never succeeded in assimilating himself. Though he had no prejudices of his own to stand in the way of social success, with no class or creed was Mr. Garston popular; and in the domestic disputes which occasionally arose between him and his children, or rather between him and his son (on whose side Trenna never failed to enlist herself), the public feeling was always in favour of the juniors; a state of things which had been of no small advantage to Christopher, of whom it was said, whenever he committed any peccadillo, "Who can wonder at it, poor lad, with such a father!"

It may easily be imagined, therefore, with what feelings Mark Medway, Kit's sworn friend, regarded the alien attorney, who had certainly never appeared to him in a less favourable light than on the present occasion. His face, as it strove in vain to frame a smile of welcome, was distorted with suppressed passion; his dusky cheeks were of that livid hue which an old scar assumes when struck with the hand; and his beady eyes wore a sullen glow like a furnace that has recently been "banked up."

He came forward with outstretched hand, while Kit stood behind him, smiling cynically, as though to assure the visitor that all the parental wrath of which he might be the witness was a matter of small moment, and especially a thing in which he himself had no share.

"Well—well—what news do you bring from The Knoll?" was the attorney's impatient greeting.

"My mother and sister are quite well" (the attorney's eyes flashed out a look of contemptuous scorn: it was evidently with an effort he restrained himself from an ebullition of temper); "but they are naturally much distressed at what has happened."

"And what has happened? Come to the point, sir. I suppose they are not in distress for my sake. It is not *they* who have lost 200*l.*"

"Nevertheless, Mr. Garston, I hope you will believe that they are sorry you have lost it. What, however, of course pains them most is, that any suspicion should attach to your Abel, our Lucy's brother."

"No suspicion does attach to him," put in Christopher earnestly. "Every one knows—"

"Hold your tongue, sir," broke in the attorney. "Let Mr. Medway tell his story."

The vulgarity of the man's nature did not permit him to perceive that he was calling Mark Mr. Medway, because somebody (though presumably not Mark) had stolen his money; but Christopher's face not only indicated that he perceived it, but was full of distressed apology.

"My story is very short, Mr. Garston, and, I am sorry to say, not wholly satisfactory," hesitated Mark. "That some unfortunate mistake lies at the bottom of this affair, we feel assured, but the fact is that the bank-note in Lucy's purse of which Trenna spoke to you is identical—"

"I am glad to hear it. I am most sincerely glad to hear it," interrupted Mr. Garston.

The unexpectedness of the exclamation, and still more, a certain tone of relief in which it was uttered, fairly took Mark's breath away. He was dumb. The astonishment in his face, however, could hardly escape the attorney's notice.

"You are surprised that I am glad," he said, in a manner that by comparison with his late behaviour was almost didactic; "yet surely it is better to have detected the real culprit than to suspect innocent people."

"But Abel is no culprit, Mr. Garston, of that I am quite convinced," answered Mark, quickly.

"Conviction is matter for a jury," replied the other, in the same grave tones, but mingled with a touch of scorn. "If Lucy Deeds received a note from her brother Abel which was stolen from my desk, Abel Deeds will have to account for its possession, and I must confess, as a lawyer, it strikes me there is some *prima facie* evidence against him—I presume, by the bye, the purse was opened in presence of witnesses," he broke off, "and that the number of the note was taken down in writing."

"I believe—I am not sure," returned Mark, reluctantly.

"Now, my good young sir, I hope there is to be no attempt on the part of your folks at home to shield this young man," put in the attorney, with sudden vehemence. "I allow no claims of friendship nor acquaintanceship where justice has to be done."

"My mother knows her duty, sir," said Mark, gravely.

"No doubt—no doubt—and I hope she is prepared to do it. It is very easy to be tender-hearted and sympathetic, and all the rest of it, in these cases, when one is not the actual sufferer. But I mean to have my money back out of somebody, I can tell you."

Mr. Garston was known beforehand to be a Tartar, so that there was no occasion to scratch him—but now that he *was* scratched he was certainly exhibiting the characteristics of his native race in great perfection.

"If it is merely the money, sir, sooner than see an innocent person humbled and an honest family disgraced, I will myself be the 'somebody' out of whom you shall have it," said Mark, hotly.

"Eh, what—pooh, pooh—you haven't got it," said the attorney, incredulously; "no—no, I mean to have justice. If I can't get the notes the thief shall pay for them out of his skin."

"I have not the least objection to that Mr. Garston, but I will take care that it is not Abel's skin, who is as honest a man as"—he was about to say "yourself"—but in his indignation he thought that parallel insufficient—so ended with "as Kit yonder."

"Upon my word," said Kit, thus indirectly appealed to, "I think you are going much too fast, father."

"That is what you have been doing, sir, these last three years," returned the attorney, epigrammatically. "But that is not my way. Do you suppose I don't know my own business? Here's one of my own notes found in the purse of my groom's sister, and admitted to have been given to her by the man himself.—However, I am wasting words, and Mr. Penryn, who is the nearest magistrate, will soon settle that matter."

"Good Heavens, Mr. Garston, you don't think of taking out a warrant, surely?" exclaimed Mark, with agitation.

"Don't I? In four-and-twenty hours I'll have that scoundrel in jail; and with that the attorney marched out of the room, slamming the door behind him."

The next moment, and while Mark still stood in shocked amazement staring at his friend, he heard the attorney calling "Abel! Abel!" (as though he was the most faithful of retainers) "saddle the mare."

"But Mr. Penryn will have to grant the warrant?"

"Upon the Governor's word? Not if I know him. He must have a sworn information, and there must be a journey to The Knoll for that."

"Will my poor mother have to give it him?"

"Perhaps. But not in a hurry, you may be certain. Moreover she may find arguments of her own to move the prosecutor. Wait

and see how things turn out. And in the mean time let us have a word with Abel."

But on going into the stable-yard they found it vacant. The attorney, not without several ejaculations, which before a Justice of the Peace would have cost him five shillings apiece, had had to saddle the mare himself. Abel Deeds, who from his silence and alacrity Kit had christened "Deeds not words," had justified his title. He had taken himself off.

(To be continued)



THE reader who hopes to find in "Gin a Body Meet a Body," by Constance MacEwen (2 vols., Chapman and Hall), an imitation, perhaps a rival, of Miss Helen Mathers' "Comin' Through the Rye," will be sadly disappointed. The natural sequence of titles is the only sort of literary bond between the two. On the whole it would have been better had Miss MacEwen been content to follow out the more obvious and natural suggestion of her title. By taking a new departure, she has exposed herself to a serious charge. She has written a religious novel, and, though with the best and most praiseworthy intentions, has only succeeded in provoking ridicule. The grotesque absurdity of her style reduces her most earnest passages to rank burlesque; and the serious charge of which we have spoken is due to the bad taste which can mingle the gravest subjects with gushing sentiment, and what, but for its evident unconsciousness, could only be called downright buffoonery. Without long extracts to give an idea of the style—which is fortunately unique in character—is out of the question. The reader will have to wade through pages written in this style, "The mighty Cicero," thought Cora, "the demagogue, my—what? Behold him to the life—he leaps every frontier. There is no boundary line here, no traces; and as she looked she saddened, where others would have glowed. Ah! She was other than the nine-pin row! Twitterings, flutterings, were swamped in one huge desire—the desire for this man's soul." Or in this—"Church and State—active, grappling brains,—enthusiasm—strength for work,—grip,—thoughts luminous,—carried on eagles' wings. No blank, rusty philosophy gone to fat,—or gone to sleep.—Wig—and gown—in the glorious days of strength of brain! nerve! muscle! . . . Irresistible! Mervin has become a moth! Blow out the candle and become Mervin again! Handicapped! Weighted! Laugh and call me moon-struck if you will—but you who laugh may bellow loudest next"—and these are fair examples taken at random. The lady whose twitterings were swamped in a desire for Mervin's soul does her utmost to disgust her lover with the faith to which she wishes to win him, and, most unnaturally, does not succeed. It is always disagreeable to blame the result of good intentions, but there are subjects which must not be suffered, if it can in anywise be helped, to be turned into nonsense even with the best intentions in the world. Miss MacEwen's novel absolutely goes out of its way to court condemnation.

"One of 'Us,'" a novel, by Edmund Randolph (3 vols., Sampson Low and Co.), is preferable to the last-mentioned work, for the reason that it deals with topics more appropriate to its style. It is partly satirical, partly comic, partly sensational, partly mystical. The hero, a guest at a country house or madhouse—it is hard to say which—falls under the spells of an American adventuress, peeress, and mesmerist, who on one occasion nearly murders him with a water-carafe, and on another extorts political secrets from the Premier of the day, who is another of these remarkable guests, patients, or whatever they are. In consequence of this Lady Waverleigh's objectless machinations, the hero and his best friend go mad in downright earnest. The former goes out to an Eastern War, and, at the head of a band of guerrillas, fights a desperate battle against an army commanded by Lady Waverleigh, who is killed in the encounter. Nursed back into life by his former hostess and fellow-guests, he marries somebody of no consequence, and lives happily. If the reader can make head or tail of the so-called story, from beginning to end, he will prove his capacity for reading any riddle. The whole novel reads like the mixture of a farce and a nightmare, and is, as we have said, written in a completely suitable style. At the same time there are a few amusing caricatures here and there, and the author now and then appears to be seized with a consciousness that he is writing nonsense—which is a healthy sign. If "One of 'Us'" be a first work, it contains at least such promise as lies in independence of every sort of conventionality. But he is clearly one of those who require to learn the rules of art before venturing to throw them aside.

"Greystone Abbey," by Emily Foster (1 vol.: Wyman and Sons), is at any rate free from faults of eccentricity. Its personages are of a familiar, possibly over-familiar pattern. Rightful heirs, unscrupulous lawyers, and pattern young ladies develop among them their usual sort of story for the course of three generations, without many elements of novelty. Nor do such remarks as "It is a dreadful thing for parents and children to quarrel, yet in how many families is there a want of harmony between fathers and grown-up sons" strike us with the force of originality either in their idea or in Miss Foster's way of putting them. Simplicity, it will be readily understood, is the characteristic of "Greystone Abbey," which, while not particularly worth writing, will not be found less worth reading than the average results of novel-manufacture. Most of the incidents are touchingly improbable, but scarcely one is without some precedent in fiction, and very few without a great many.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne has collected into two volumes (Chatto and Windus) four stories called "Prince Saroni's Wife," "Constance," "The Countess Felicita's Discovery," and "Pauline." It is seldom the destiny of republished stories to add very considerably to an author's reputation, and no doubt for the full appreciation of Mr. Hawthorne's studies in the deeper and more mystical regions of psychology a certain peculiarity of taste is required. Both of these remarks apply in full force to these two volumes. They will have their full share of admiration, but they can scarcely be recommended as likely to attract new admirers to the unquestionable genius of their author.



EDWIN ASHDOWN.—Boyton Smith has a decided gift for writing after the old masters, without imitating them too closely. "Rigaudon" and "Polonaise" for the pianoforte are tuneful and cheery pieces to be learned by heart.—Sydney Smith shows a variety of styles in four pianoforte pieces. "Gavotte and Musette," after the antique, the most original of the group, "La Tristesse," worthy of its name; "The Minster Tower," a study in church bells somewhat monotonous; and "Romeo and Juliet," a showy *fantaisie brillante* of the "air with variations" school, from Bellini's opera which bears the above name.

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—From this firm we are glad to welcome three of our most popular ballad writers. Jacques Blumenthal has set to music, in his most graceful and melodious



style, a very pretty poem by F. Wyville Home. "Sunshine and Rain" will surely be a great favourite wherever it is heard, and that will be everywhere. It is published in three keys.—"Moon Daisies" is a thrice told tale of two lovers quarrelling and making-up, pleasantly narrated by Harold Wynn, and set to music by Stephen Adams, who has wisely confined himself to one key, for a soprano voice.—A sad little story of love and death by F. E. Weatherly, music by J. L. Molloy, is "As of Old," published in C and F, the plaintive music shows that the composer can write of grave as well as merry themes.—"A Knight of Old" is the title of an heroic love ditty, written and composed by Robert Gerard and Frank L. Moir, published in two keys, C and D.

MESSRS. PATERSON AND SONS.—Our admirers of quaint and out-of-the-common poetry and music cannot fail to be pleased with "Divine and Sweet Reality," an original poem by Matthew Gotterson, music by J. MacLachlan Key, compass medium.—Tender and pathetic are the words by Mrs. J. W. Ogilvy of "Sae Many Years Ago," which have been set to music, very sweetly, by Lady Ramsay of Banff, who can also write dance music "right merrily," as shown by "The Cheviots Polka."—Well would it be for G. Gassner if he could compose as tunelessly. "Mon Ami Valse" may be a first effort of this composer; if so, it is promising. The frontispiece, a confusion of blood-red hands, is very ugly.

F. PITMAN.—It is a grand mistake for composers to select the words of well-known hymns and to make "new settings" of them, whilst there are so many new sacred and secular poems upon which to try their hands. Joseph B. Ellison has written five very good hymn tunes, for "Abide With Me," "Rock of Ages," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Art Thou Weary," and "Gracious Saviour, Gentle Shepherd," none of which will replace the well-established tunes to which they have been sung for many a long year.—A want long felt by singers of concerted music has been supplied by "Sea-Side and Parlour Music," a series of glees and part songs, printed on cards; each voice part of a convenient size for the pocket. Tourists may make up some half-dozen sets of favourite glees, the sets for four voices are only threepence, and when rowing or sailing, climbing ruins, or spending a rainy day in dull apartments, we can enjoy and pass away the time. The specimen before us is "Hearts of Oak." This happy thought opens a field for much simple enjoyment, and cannot fail to make way wherever it is known.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A very dismal ditty is "Withered Away," as its title would suggest. The words by Robert B. Blake and the music by Odoardo Barri are thoroughly well united, and melancholy enough to please the most morbid taste (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—A meet companion for the above is "Sunless the Skies," written and composed by T. Smith and Henry Stiehl, albeit a trifle more cheerful.—"Cradle Song" is a pleasing piece for the pianoforte by Henry Loge (Messrs. Goddard and Co.).—Grievous and sad is "Ever Alas!" a song by P. Mario Costa, published in three keys (Messrs. Ricordi).—A very good likeness of Pauline Lucca attracts attention to "Pauline Waltz," by Henry Klein, a danceable if not a very original composition (E. S. Lane, Holborn Viaduct).



Or all the months in the year to see London, August is the worst, and yet it is the time when foreigners flock thither, and go away confirmed in the antiquated notion that Englishwomen do not know how to dress. It is to the moors, and lakes, the rivers, and sea-shores that they should go to see the London fashions; even at the French and other foreign watering-places some of the most elegant visitors are Englishwomen. The yachting costumes prepared for this season by our leading houses are very stylish. The tight-fitting tailor-made jackets of serge or cloth in black, blue, brown, or green, of the very darkest shades, are trimmed with plain gold buttons, about the size of a shilling, or they are richly braided à la militaire, a style which never looks old-fashioned. We were recently shown a blue serge costume, heavily braided in black, with a red collar and cuffs; the hat was made to match. Another costume was of cream serge, with an Indian red spot, the size of half-a-crown; the hat, sunshade, and shoes were made of the same material. Striped flannels, very fine, are being made up for yachting dresses; a cream ground, the stripes either in three colours, or in one dark colour. White or red waistcoats are worn with tailor-made jackets, and look very cool when well-fitting. For show occasions, on fine days, the dainty shoes and stockings to match the dress in colour and material are very pretty, but for a genuine cruise, or any approach to "roughing it," they soon look shabby and fray, and sometimes shrink to a painful degree for the wearer. Well made shoes or buttoned boots of black or untanned leather look, and are, the most comfortable.—Red is very much worn this season, especially for the seaside, where it must be owned very gay colouring is the order of the day. Sometimes whole costumes, sunshades included, are made of this brilliant hue, and very well it looks as part of a group, but, combined with the glare of yellow sands or chalky cliffs, it is very trying to the eyes. When judiciously blended with black or cream, or plentifully adorned with lace, red is a colour which agrees with all complexions. For travelling costumes and tramping over the moors, or for an ordinary walking tour, there is nothing so neat and comfortable as a tailor-made costume of Cheviot serge, and, in fact, any light woollen materials in heather mixtures or neutral tints simply but stylishly made for the wearer. During this month of sales, and in many cases veritable bargains, people are often tempted to buy cloth costumes in the vague hope that they may be altered to fit the owner; this is a grand mistake with thick materials, however it may succeed with lighter fabrics. Every lady, whether about to travel or to stay at home, should make an effort to have one thoroughly good and well-made tailor costume which will last her for months without getting shabby. A very satisfactory new material has just been brought out; it is called "The Queen Cloth," a combination of silk and wool, which is soft and pliable as foulard and durable as alpaca. For travelling, unless the hat is made of the dress material, it should be of soft felt, "The Newmarket" is a becoming shape. "The Planter" shape, either for ladies or gentlemen, made in Panama straw, is extremely comfortable, but it must be confessed neither becoming to young nor old faces. More feminine and becoming are French "Capelines," made of lace or drawn muslin, or both; they are generally composed of fine drawings edged with lace, or of rows of lace, the foremost row falling over the edge of the brim. Amateurs must beware lest in making these bonnets too full, or without the right knack they produce the effect of an ancient frilled nightcap.—Gauze veils two yards long are again worn, one end twisted round the hat, and the other round the throat.

French bathing attire is as fanciful and theatrical as ever, sashes, bows, and embroidery are plentifully used. These are very well for flirting and paddling in the sea, but those bathers who enjoy a swim wear by preference the simple tunic and knickerbockers of dark blue serge, touched up with red or cream braid, and without superfluous trimmings. The silk handkerchief, knotted like the Bordelais peasant's, is a convenient and rather quaint method of keeping the long hair compact.

To dress really and strictly in the fashion, as seen at our fashionable watering-places, and still more so where Paris rules the toilette, requires an unlimited account at one's banker's. We advise those of our readers who are bent upon a real holiday to make short or long tours, at home or abroad, and to leave these fashion-centres to the wealthy pleasure-seekers. Let us quote a paragraph from a French journal, not devoted to fashions. "Talking of sunshades and fans, a fresh one must be had for every change of toilette. Of *toile de perse* for the morning, of satin or old lace, or of black pleated lace worked in cut jet beads. For visiting, the sunshade must be of white lace, with a ribbon bow the colour of the dress, in the centre of which is a fanciful jewelled ornament. Very successful is a caterpillar in diamonds and emeralds, exactly like nature, scarabæus of rubies, dragon-flies, butterflies, spiders, and, as to flies, seven or eight of them in enamel are considered *chic*." Thirteen large trunks contain the baggage of the typical lady, the description of whose *impedimenta* is very diverting to read.

To return to more practical attire. We saw some very pretty and useful jackets of Jersey cloth, tailor made, and buttoned in front, which does away with the strained appearance, a defect in this garment, when fastened at the back. Some of these jackets were embroidered in multi-coloured terra cotta, gold, steel, or brown beads; others, which were very inexpensive, were of black, brown, blue, or green, very neatly made, and most useful for seaside wear, either as a bodice or over a dress. A coat-shaped jacket was made of pure taffetas silk, which combines all the coolness of the ordinary Jersey, but is not transparent.

Very charming costumes for sunny days by sea or land are made of *foulards*, Pompadour and plain; a round skirt, with pleated flounces of the plain, the bodice, paniers, and sash of Pompadour. This costume may be made with pink petticoat and upper dress of dark blue or brown, with large pink roses and butterflies, or in amber sateen petticoat, upper dress of Indian red sateen, with amber-coloured tulips, in the centre of each flower a beetle; or in pale green Zephyr cloth, with a chintz black ground closely covered with tiny flowers. In fact, there is no end to varieties of stylish costumes which may be made for lawn tennis and garden parties at a moderate cost.

The *Rèvue de la Mode* gives some very sensible costumes for venturesome damsels intending to climb mountains in right earnest:—"To dress in male attire is not desirable, but a modification of it may be made thus: materials, strong tweed or serge, of a very dark shade, knickerbockers fastened below the knee, with high gaiters to meet them. A blouse made with a saddle and pleats, fastened at the waist with a leather belt, the skirt about a quarter of a yard below the knee; a deerstalker hat with a gauze veil twisted round it. As to the shoes or boots for these expeditions, they must be made of strong leather, which should be greased from time to time; the toes must be square, the heels low, and also square, and the cork soles made larger than the upper leathers, a very important precaution against swellings and corns."

A very pretty gift for a bridesmaid is one of the "Good Luck" bracelets recently introduced, a horseshoe, in plain or red gold, or a brooch, whip, horse-shoes, and stirrups, very quaint and natty. A very cunning little brooch is a speared salmon in enamel, with pearls and diamonds. We commend the above to the attention of bridegrooms elect.



We lay down Carlyle's "Reminiscences of an Irish Journey" (Sampson Low, and Co.) with a feeling of deep sadness, not to say disgust. Among the many mentors whom Ireland, for her sins, has had to listen to, none is so thoroughly unsympathising, and therefore so ineffectual, as Carlyle. Going while the blight of the famine was still on the land, he advised the beggars to commit suicide, and never spoke of the workhouses save as "human swineries." For no one has he a thoroughly good word, save for Lord G. Hill, of Gweedore, and for one Boyne, "a jolly, effectual-looking man," the manager of a then thriving piece of Government improvement at King William's Town. How is this going on now? If any one will go to see, the question between Mr. Tuke and the Irish Members—emigration or waste lands—would be on the road towards solution. His estimate of such a man as Dr. Stokes, "a clever, energetic, but squinting, rather fierce sinister-looking man," is a type of the way in which he treats those who laid themselves out to serve him. But the acme of Carlyleism is reached in his remarks on Dr. Cooke Taylor: "A snuffy, baddish, babbling fellow, with lazy gurgling, semi-masticated, semi-deceitful (self-deceiving) speech, thought, and action." Between his meeting Dr. Taylor and writing this character of him the poor man had died of cholera; but this only led the amiable worshipper of Frederick the Great to dilate on his "gurgles, snuffles, cockney and Yougal wit, and whole and half untruths." One thing the work should do is to send tourists to Donegal. The scenery about Glenties and Gweedore (where there is, Carlyle confesses, an excellent hotel), must be grand, for the passes actually remind him of Scotland.

Last year the Social Science Congress met at Dublin, and its "Transactions" (Longmans) derive unusual interest from the Presidency of the Irish Chancellor, Lord O'Hagan, and from the papers and discussions on Irish subjects. For it is matters like primary and intermediate education in Ireland; what industries could be advantageously developed there; the value of land the true basis of taxation; association farming and its prospects, which ought to occupy the attention of those who look through and beyond the present dust and hubbub. We are glad to find the veteran Professor O'Sullivan still to the front with a paper on one of his old school subjects. The Nun of Kenmare gives good advice on education as a preparation for emigration. Altogether the volume is exceptionally valuable; we should like Recorder Falkiner's remarks on the squalid tenement houses of Dublin (2,300 of them, harbouring 30,000 souls, unfit for human abode) to be sent to every owner of "Tatterboy's Kents" in that city of palaces and hovels.

Mr. Rimmer's "Rambles Round Eton and Harrow" (Chatto and Windus) is something more than a sequel to his "Old Country Towns." With its fifty-two really good engravings it is a book which any Eton or Harrow boy would be glad to possess. *Esprit de corps* will surely be strengthened by learning how much of beauty and interest there is almost within bounds. Old Harrovians and Etonians, too, owe Mr. Rimmer a debt of gratitude; and even Mr. Matthew Arnold, who is softening towards these nurseries of "young barbarians," may learn something from this tasteful volume.

Mr. G. Hart's "Violin and Its Music" (Dulau; Novello) is a delightful reading even for those who never took "the leading instrument" in hand. The author is already well known by his "Violin and Its Famous Makers;" and, when fabulous prices are still given for a Stradivarius, it is but fair that men like Corelli, and Tartini, author of the wonderful "Devil's Trill," should not be forgotten. Mr. Hart gives us not only histories and anecdotes, but steel portraits of modern players from Paganini to Ernst and Joachim. His chapters on the violin in England are full of curious matter, including the stave of "Hedge Lane" (now Princes Street). We heartily recommend the book.

"An Engineer's Holiday" (Kegan Paul and Co.), contains in two

volumes as much information as a score of average globe-trotters give us. Mr. D. Pidgeon went the whole round from Long. 0° to 0°, and the whole way he kept his eyes open. Naturally he was often disillusioned. In the United States he looked for political enthusiasm, intellectual aspiration, and Republican simplicity; he found politics a close profession, luxury rampant, and artificially high prices cheerfully paid. Why a man should like to give a shilling for shaving, and 5d. to a shoemaker, and 2½d. for a 1½d. newspaper, is a mystery. It is but fair to add that, though he saw something of Pennsylvania farm life, among the singularly ugly villages which think themselves prettier than the prettiest in England, he did not tarry long in that great West which is the breeding-ground of Lincoln and Garfields. We think him quite right in his relative estimate of Chinese and Japs. The latter are charming, but unbusiness-like, and just now wholly out of their depth; the former, cold and ungenial, are enterprising and reliable, and "a real benefit to the countries where they settle." His judgment on British India is, we fear, too true—it is the poorest country in the world, to bless which with civilised rule will strain all our efforts. There is a vast deal to be learnt from these admirable volumes, and the seekers of mere amusement will find plenty of it in company with one who thinks that "when an American pretty girl sends a young man on her errands in so business-like a way she looks selfish and he a little silly." *Petite culture*, by the way, succeeds in Japan. Only eleven million out of a hundred million acres are cultivated; yet these feed thirty million inhabitants, and in good years rice is largely exported.

It is sad to find that what we feared is too true. Mr. J. L. Bowes, in the preface to his sumptuous book on "Japanese Marks and Seals" (H. Sotheran and Co.), speaks of "the decadence of Japanese art," and some of the famous kilns are blown out; though on the other hand a Tokio merchant found it worth while twenty years ago to set up a factory for forging Satsuma ware. We wish Mr. Bowes had told us something more of the present condition of the different works; but we are thankful for what he has given, viz., a brief introduction describing the characteristics of each kind of pottery. He also treats of lacquer, iron, and other work, and of the zodiacal year. Throughout he has been ably helped by competent Japanese; and his book, dedicated to the Mikado, is a *ktema es ovi* for the nation, as well as a guide to the European connoisseur. Ili-zen work is of course the best; there settled the man who brought the art over from China early in the sixteenth century.

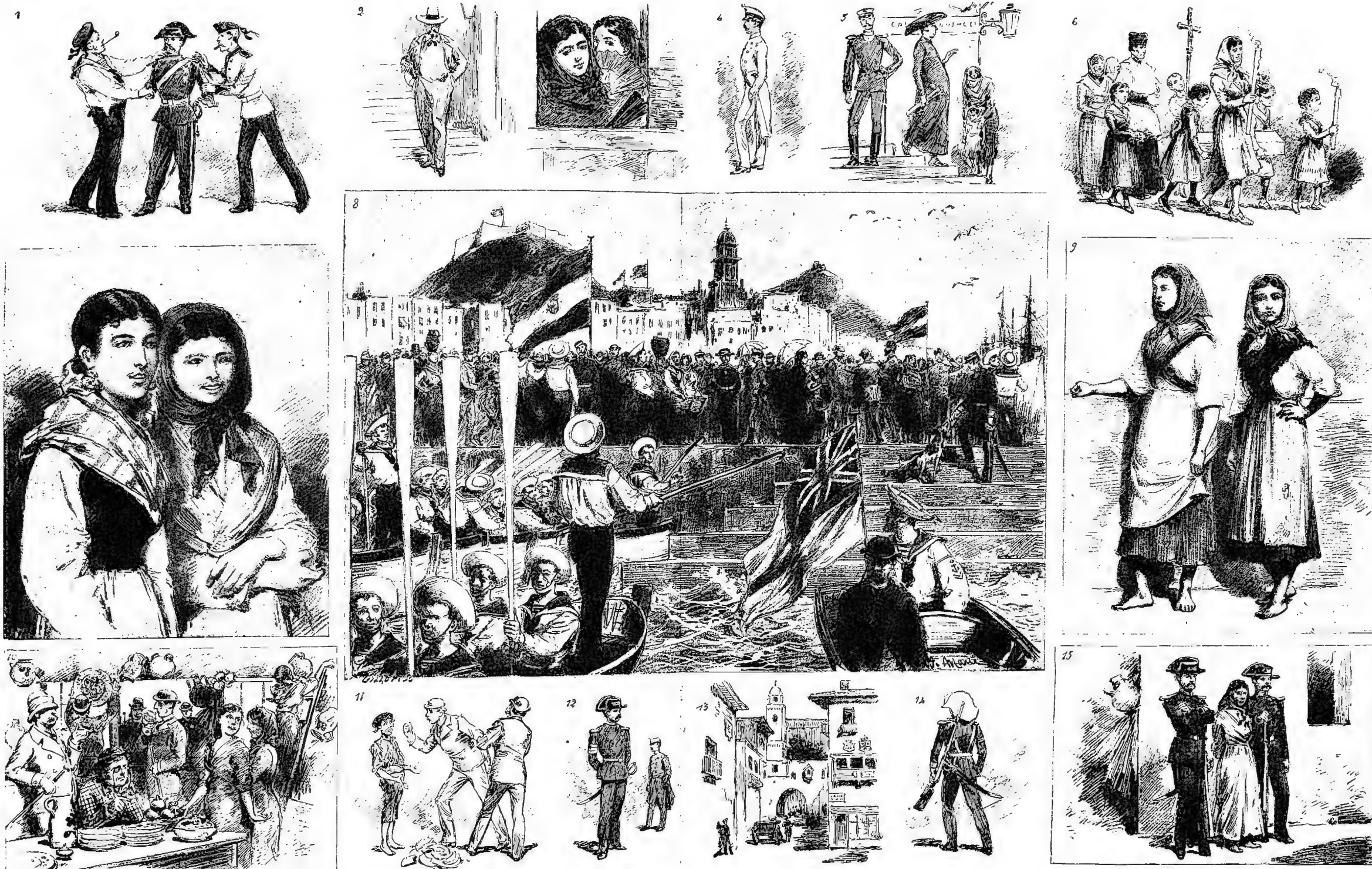
Part III. completes Dr. Aug. Weismann's "Studies in the Theory of Descent" (Sampson Low and Co.), so ably translated by Mr. Raphael Meldola. Half this part is devoted to the transformation into amblystoma of the Mexican axolotl, a creature now kept in many aquariums; half to the "mechanical conception of Nature," the language of which is even less attractive to the ordinary reader than that in which Dr. Weismann detailed his ontological studies. "The Perigenesis of the Placitule" is a hard saying, though it has Haeckel's authority; and most of us will be tempted to leave "phyletic vital force" and "ontogenetic power," and having read Mr. Darwin's too brief introduction, to see what light the translator's preface throws on the author's method. But this method will be much better understood by those who go further still, and study Dr. Weismann's preface to his English edition, which is a really exhaustive summary of the work and its bearing on the theory of selection.

"Ants, Bees, and Wasps" (Kegan Paul and Co.) are more interesting than caterpillars and axolotls; and Sir J. Lubbock has the art of making his readers care about the pets of which he is so fond that he kept an ant's nest seven years in his room. We admire the many-sidedness of the man who is banker, active politician, conservator (as far as a stubborn House will let him) of ancient monuments, purveyor of public holidays, and withal as minute an observer as Dr. Weismann himself. Like Grote in another department, he is one of the choice products of our *haute commerce*. From time to time the science papers have told us that the observations have been going on which are embodied in this 40th vol. of the "International Scientific Series." The book is very valuable as showing that patient observation is the only road to scientific success; but, apart from this, its literary merit is considerable, and the notes of anti-life—the grades of intelligence, from the extrapud species which saves the eggs of aphides during winter so as to ensure a supply of "cows" next spring, down to that kind which, owing to the demoralising effects of slavery, is unable even to feed itself—are very amusing. Ants have a language, and behave quite differently to fellow-citizens and to outsiders from another nest. Of course Sir John owes a good deal to Huber and to Kirby and Spence, but he has verified almost every statement that he advances. He is an observer; Professor Romanes is, in "Animal Intelligence" (Kegan Paul and Co.), the 41st vol. of the same series, a compiler. He has got together a vast mass of facts, taking all possible care to provide that they are facts. At first, he tells us, he meant to record only the statements of well-known naturalists; but this would have so limited his range that he found he must accept the authority of unknown observers when it is supported by collateral or internal evidence. He promises in a second volume to treat of the facts of animal intelligence in relation to the theory of descent. Animals do learn. Our birds use in nest-making materials of which their ancestors had no experience. Long ago, Mr. Bates told us that the bees on the Amazons had not yet found out how to shape their cells on the principle of maximum economy of space and material. We look forward with special interest to the promised volume, for it will embody the results of Professor Romanes' intercourse with Mr. Darwin, and, indeed, much of the matter squeezed out of the original draft of the chapter on Instinct when it was being re-cast and compressed for the "Origin of Species." Professor Romanes protests against being thought a mere anecdote-monger. All his facts lead up to establish one point—the existence of mind in animals. Some of these facts are very significant. Thus, eagles, as well as elephants, submit to surgical operations. Rats carry eggs up stairs as well as down. Scorpions do sting themselves to death, though of this, he confesses, he would like a little more corroboration. Elephants are very tender-hearted, lying down and dying on slight provocation. The book is more readable than ninety-nine per cent. of the novels of the day.

Mr. S. L. Anderson deals with only one kind of animal and in a different capacity. We lately noticed his "How to Ride a Horse." "School Training for Horses" (Allen and Co.) is equally useful to those who wish to ride not with comfort only, but with elegance. To be able to stick on a horse is as different from that true riding in which horse and man are one in feeling and action, as shambling through a waltz without knocking anybody over is from graceful dancing. Those who want to know the difference that a touch makes in a trained horse should read the chapter on "The Spanish Trot." We note that Mr. Anderson says: "All horses should be taught to bear the spur without flinching."

OIL PAINTINGS ARE PRODUCED WHOLESALE in the United States for sale to ignorant provincials as the valuable work of famous artists. They are genuine hand-paintings, not chromos, and are executed some twenty at a time in the following manner. The walls of the studio are covered by a long strip of canvas, divided into compartments, and tinted white with a huge brush. Next the artist paints the skies, one after another, long practice giving him rapidity, then dashes in the backgrounds, one colour at a time, till all his twenty pictures are finished, probably in two days' steady work. Only simple designs are chosen, generally an old mill, or a ruined castle by the river-side.





1. A BLUE JACKET AND A RED MARINE ATTEMPTING TO FRATERNISE WITH A GENDARME.—2. AN INNKEEPER ON THE WATCH FOR GUESTS.—3. A SPANISH BELLA DONNA.—4. INFANTRY.—5. CAVALRY.—6. FUNERAL OF A LITTLE CHILD.—7. COUNTRY GIRLS AT RODENDELA.—8. THE LANDING-PLACE.—9. MARKET-WOMEN.—10. THE VIGO-WARE MANIA.—11. DESTRUCTION OF THE PRIZE.—12. A GARDE CIVILE IN TOWN.—13. A STREET SCENE IN VIGO.—14. A GARDE CIVILE IN THE COUNTRY.—15. A MARKET WOMAN IN TROUBLE.

# VISIT OF THE RESERVE SQUADRON TO VIGO



## GROUSE

WITHIN a few days' time we shall hear and see much of game, and particularly of grouse. If we live in town we shall see every poulterer's shop-front covered with them—in the country, we shall either see them alive, whirling over their lonely moors, or dead, and borne by gillies or carts to the shooting-box or village inn in which the sportsmen reside, and from whence they are sent off to his friends, or to market.

This red grouse, or moor-fowl (*Lagopus scoticus*), of which so many thousands are annually killed, and which are so carefully preserved by Parliament and keepers for the sportsmen who observe the festival of St. Grouse, is a member of the large sub-family of birds called *Tetraonidae*.

The grouse is found wild only in Great Britain and Ireland, and here only on the most barren moorland, where, perhaps, the prospects are of the bleakest, and where, when startled, it utters its loud, grating, quick-repeating cries of "Go-back, go-back, go-back," as it whirrs and sails away in a straight, swift course for a few hundred yards. It shuns wooded grounds, as, from its mode of flying and its evident inability to make a sharp turn, trees would be more of a hindrance than a help to it in its struggle for existence. And so it may be considered altogether a ground bird, nesting, feeding, and resting among the heather of which it is so fond.

A full-grown grouse measures about fourteen inches from the bill to the tail, and about the same from the tip of the one wing to that of the other, and when in good condition weighs three pounds. Its colour is the dark brown of the heather, with a breast spotted black and white. In spring, when hatching, the female bird is lighter than at any other season of the year, and its plumage is always of a lighter tint than that of the male. The male is slightly stronger and larger, and has the black and white spots on its breast more decided.

The red grouse seems to be an exception to gallinaceous birds in general, in that it pairs, and that early in the spring—usually towards the end of February.

That grouse may have ample time to build their nests undisturbed, it has been enacted that on the moorlands heather may not be burnt after the 11th, and dogs may not be broken after the 25th, of April. Its nest is most simple, and is composed of dry deers'-horn grass, bents, or leaves, roughly built under the shade of a thick tuft of heather or by the side of a sheltering stone. By the middle of May there are on the average ten eggs in each nest, and if the season be fine they are all hatched about the first week of June, the period of incubation being three weeks. During this time it sits very closely, seldom moving off the nest. For protection it trusts to its colour and silence, and very effectual guards they are, as one may pass and re-pass within a few feet of a bird sitting on a nest, and not notice it—indeed, it has sometimes been known to sit till trampled on. When startled, it runs quietly for a few steps, and then "flops" along the surface of the heather, ready to return as soon as the intruder has retired. In about a fortnight after being hatched the young birds try to fly; but as it is the end of June ere they get their tail feathers, it is only towards the middle of July that they are anything like strong on the wing. By the "Twelfth" very few "cheepers" or weak birds are to be seen. The young birds follow their parents during the season, and keepers consider ten birds (old ones included) a good average "covey." Towards the middle of September several "coveys" unite together, or "pack," and thus they in some seasons visit the neighbouring cornfields, on which they play sad havoc. It is now that the sportsman finds increasing difficulty in making a good bag, as the shot which formerly startled a single "covey" now sends the whole "pack" away for perhaps more than a mile.

The grouse seems to feed almost entirely on heather buds, and many grouse crops may be opened ere anything else will be discovered in them, except, as has been said, when they visit the cornfields; but this is looked on as the symptom of disease rather than of a healthy appetite.

On the moors the grouse have many enemies. During the nesting season the stoat-weasel, and hooded crow are constantly on the watch for eggs and young, but the merlin, kestrel, sparrow-hawk, rough-legged buzzard, and—most powerful and deadly of all—the falcon are perennial enemies.

From time to time there breaks out among the grouse a disease which carries them off in hundreds, and of which not much seems as yet to be known. Thus, in 1873, scarcely a dozen grouse could be seen on some of the best Scotch moors. At that time the birds were reduced to a skeleton before they died, but this year they die in quite a plump state. Dr. Spencer Cobbold has proved by actual experiment that the disease is caused by a minute organism, which he calls "strangle," and which first attacks the liver. Tapeworm is also sometimes present. It has been noted that the disease usually breaks out (1) after a year of unusual abundance, (2) the season after they have been unusually attentive to the corn fields, and (3) after a spring-like winter, followed by a winter-like spring. As might be expected, the weaker birds are the most susceptible to it, and have least chance of recovery, if, indeed, any diseased grouse ever does recover. The balance of nature has been so much disturbed by the constant war which all keepers wage on the enemies of the grouse, that diseased birds have every chance of mixing for a considerable time with the healthy ones, and so of propagating the disease. Most keepers laugh at the idea of a "balance of nature," and maintain that the moors are better stocked now than they were thirty years ago, when hawks were more numerous, and that the birds which prey on the grouse are epicures in their way, declining to touch a diseased bird, and much preferring a strong plump one, if that can possibly be had, to a weak one.

When the long-looked for Twelfth does come a good sportsman on a good moor may expect to bring down from sixty to ninety brace to his own gun in a day, but as the season wears on, and as the birds grow wilder and scarcer, the same sportsman may be well pleased if he can bag from twenty-five to thirty brace on the first of October, or from ten to twenty on the 10th December—the last day of the shooting season.

Sportsmen make their own terms with the game-dealers, but if there is a contract made for the season the price usually given is from 4s. to 5s. per brace, for which the dealer, during the first few days of the season, charges as high as 15s. or 20s.

There is always a race to be first in the market, and sometimes illegal means are used to have grouse sent away by the first train on the morning of the Twelfth. Last year several boxes in transit by the first south-going train on the Twelfth were taken possession of by the police at Inverness Station until it could be proved that the contained grouse were not killed before that day.

One of the most remarkable things in connection with grouse-shooting is the extraordinary rise in the value of moors. The writer knows of one, which thirty years ago was thankfully let for 70l., which now fetches its proprietor 1,000l. annually, besides which the lessee has to build a substantial shooting-lodge at his own expense, and on calculation we find that he thus pays a guinea a brace for all the grouse himself, friends, and keeper shoot during the season.

A. POLSON

## VERSE-MAKING

AMONG the various means I have adopted for eking out an income at the Bar, which it would at present be a gross piece of exaggeration to denominate even as "precarious," is one of contributing a copy of verses to a weekly paper. I say advisedly, a "copy" of verses. Every week a certain number of lines must be written on some topic of the day, and by this time I have attained the art of

grinding them out with the utmost regularity and the most complete disregard of originality, or of the display of any really poetical ideas. I utilise my old follies, and dish up again the very properly rejected effusions of long ago in a manner which, I really consider, displays some cleverness. The intensely gloomy verses of my youth—I am older and sadder now, but my trade is comic verse-making—I give a dexterous turn to, touch up a few of the adjectives, and tack on a few lines at the end which, like a horse-collar grin after a tragedy, transforms the whole thing into a burlesque, and my work is done! I find that the follies of those long past years were almost identical with the absurdities of the present, and, like women's bonnets and dresses, as seen in old pictures, bring them out of the wardrobe, dust and turn the rather faded texture, add a ribbon or some cunning bit of colour here and there, and a piece of smart modern artist's work is ready to be exhibited!

As to my verses, I am either intensely tragic or broadly comic, the only two things the public can appreciate—so my editor says. The public likes its feelings worked upon—to read a spasmodic and pathetic burst about starving women, smothered children, or murdered men, and it is no use to pitch the key too low—the more of a fine frenzy the better! In my other line of comic verse, if I ever by misadventure slip in anything with a touch of real wit or humour in it, I am certain to find that it has been excised by my sapient editor—and, in fact, I now save him the trouble, and always strike out such passages myself. The public does not appreciate microscopic painting, and, like the rustic at the dentist's, display a decided preference for the operator who can give them a good wrench and a dance all round the room for their money. I once heard the following colloquy at a street corner in Manchester: "What sort o' ale do yo' like best, Bill—Robinson's or Dixon's?" "Gie me Robinson's for choice," answered Bill, promptly, "that's the sort o' ale for me—ale as'll split your yed open!"

The British public is rather fond of having its head split open. For some time I suffered from a very absurd prejudice with regard to rhymes. I shrank from twisting the sense of what I intended writing, just because it was necessary to find some jingling word to properly round off the couplet. I am wiser now, and have invested in a Rhyming Dictionary. But at the best our language is terribly deficient in good useful rhyming words. As an instance, one of my most justly celebrated poems, "The Mother's Shriek," was originally commenced as follows:—

My child is dying—help; oh, help!

But what rhyme could I find for "help"? After severe cogitation I resorted to my Dictionary, in which I found

ELP  
help  
yelp  
whelp!

Evidently nothing whatever could be done with this word; I promptly threw it over, and contented myself with the much tamer but far more useful and rhymeable word "aid."

There is another most unmanageable word, "world;" "death" and "breath" conveniently rhyme with each other, but there the list ends; "work" might have been useful but, when such rhymes as "pork," "fork," and "cork" are offered, what can be done with it? "Strength" has only one rhyme, "length;" and "mouth," with its solitary companion "south," can seldom be made to do good service. Altogether, my righteous soul has often been sorely vexed with the stubborn perverseness of our language; very soon, in his apprenticeship, the rebellious poet has to give in, and, completely subordinating the matter of sense and poetic feeling to the supreme exigencies of rhyme, he first of all chooses those useful words that can be made to consort together with harmonious jingle, and then in Procrustean fashion he doubles up his unfortunate ideas to suit them.

Verse-making of this sort, "by piece-work," is an abomination, but there are occasional compensations. I once wrote some very weakly verses about a colliery accident in the usual style, taking a simple story of heroism, and, without an atom of emotion in myself—for I only thought at the time of so much "copy" to be manufactured—tricked the tale out in the pseudo-graphic and pathetic fashion demanded of such subjects, as I thought. Some time afterwards I happened to be present at a public recitation given by a lady among the working people in a very poor part of London. To my astonishment my old colliery poem appeared among the pieces recited, and then I saw how, despite all the poor laboured rhymes and artificial sentiment, the simple beauty of the story itself laid hold of and affected the people. I felt a very mixed feeling of pride, that by my verse-making the beautiful deeds and pure thoughts of others might be thus carried abroad, and of shame, that for myself the reverence for this beauty and truth had become so dulled that my chief thought in encountering it had now merely become—how many lines could be made out of it? But it may be that the perfunctory uninspired labour, only worthy to be cast aside the week after it is written, may, after all, repeating words and thoughts of which the writer had almost forgotten the significance, give some comfort in strange corners of the world, of which he thinks nothing when he writes. I like sometimes to imagine this, and it may be that at such times something of that truer human feeling, that goes so far towards the making of a real poet, but is not a sufficiently marketable commodity for a writer like myself often to indulge in, for a moment returns, and leaves its trace in the lines that are being ground out as I plod along doing my accustomed number of feet on the daily monotonous track of a hack-writer's life.

J. B.

## NORWEGIAN MODES OF TRAVEL

ENGLISH tourists seeking a complete change discover every year in greater numbers the special and unsurpassed attractions of Norway. For charming combinations of wood, mountain, and water it can vie with any land; but those who would enjoy its beauties must be ready to adapt themselves to some new conditions of travel. Almost the only railway in the country is that which runs due north from Christiania to Trondhjem, and this is not the route usually taken by holiday visitors, except such as are anxious to save time in going to see the midnight sun at the North Cape. Traffic upon the numerous fjords, or lakes, is carried on by small but well-appointed steamers, whilst journeying across country is provided for at nearly all the posting-stations by means of carriages. Most of these stations are small farms, the tenants of which are bound by Government to furnish certain prescribed facilities for the conveyance of travellers. The carriage may be described as a kind of enlarged bicycle, or spider-like gig for one person, whose luggage is strapped upon a low shelf behind. This also serves as a seat for the postboy. His business is to bring back the empty vehicle after the passenger has changed into another at the next station. Being very light, these conveyances are well suited to the hilly nature of the roads. The ponies which draw them are equally well adapted to the work. Slow they are, but sagacious and extremely sure-footed; so that even unaccustomed drivers, with ordinary care, need have no fear in trusting to the instinctive caution of those patient little animals in awkward paths. At some stages the driving is done in the *stokjerre*, a cart with seats for two persons, which, being generally of rather primitive construction and without springs, are not favoured by tourists partial to cushioned comfort. The stations are situated from six to ten miles apart; but it should here be explained that the reference is to English miles, of which it takes seven to make one Norwegian mile. If this is remembered it may save some surprise and disappointment when travellers,

on being told by a native that their destination is only half-a-mile off, are discomfited when they find it to be really seven times that distance by our own scale of measurement. As many of the roads are steep and undulating, it is seldom possible to drive at a greater pace than four English miles an hour. But in Norway the one soon becomes accustomed to quiet leisurely habits. The natives are never in a hurry; they do nothing at high pressure, and visitors bent on hurrying over the ground had better go elsewhere.

*Strax* is the Norse equivalent for our word "immediately;" its meaning is, however, modified in action. At a station the tourist may be calmly assured that his carriage will be ready "strax;" but that elastic term so often represents a duration of two or three hours that jocular travellers, in their private calculations, divide it into periods of "half" or "quarter strax." You may find on arrival at a given stage that the proprietor's vehicles have gone off with another party in advance of you on the road. Then there is no choice but either to walk on or to wait until they return and have had rest. At another station all the ponies may be in some distant field or on the hills. In that case there is again nothing for it but to wait until some one goes in search of them, which the station attendants are willing to do at whatever hour of the day or night such a call is made for their indispensable services. Accustomed to being disturbed, the good-natured postboy thinks little of being roused from sleep at untimely hours. Instead of grumbling, he dresses hurriedly, and, rubbing his eyes, sallies forth to bring in ponies from a neighbouring hill-side. Much delay may be avoided by forethought. Let tourist parties be small—not exceeding four—and go early in the season, before the principal lines of travel get "blocked" by a dozen or more travellers pressing to get forward from the same point at the same time. English is spoken by the captains of most of the local steamers, but not at many of the posting stations or smaller hotels. This, however, is not a very serious drawback, as the common wants of travellers are pretty well understood, and, besides, the universal language of pantomime gesture is always open to them.

The charge for driving does not usually exceed threepence per mile, but a slight excess is payable for very steep or hill stages. Many of the roads undulate like ocean waves, or wind like a cork-screw. Other charges at the stations are also moderate—corresponding to the moderate average of their accommodation. In this respect better provision is now made than was the case a few years ago. Here and there, however, one must still be prepared to sacrifice home or hotel comforts, and be content with the simplest necessities of life, served in plain and unpretending style. Order boiled eggs for breakfast or tea, and you may, as in the writer's experience, have them placed upon the table without the usual accompaniment of egg-cup or spoons, with salt which is not perfectly white, and bread by no means sweet. This, however, is rather exceptional, and the fare generally, although not rich, is wholesome. Yet it takes a little time for English tastes to become accustomed to their brown bread—always a little sour—or to the flavour of the Norwegian cheese, of which there are many and strange varieties. The strongest is known as *gammel ost* (literally, old cheese), which is said to be prepared for the table by being first buried underground nearly two years. Another favourite kind is shaped like a brick, quite as heavy as a brick, and the colour of Windsor soap. It is made of goat's milk, and has a sweetish taste. Should an English visitor not become reconciled to these novelties, he has some compensation in good tea and coffee, capital pancakes, an occasional dish of reindeer venison or capercaillie, and abundance of fresh fish. The salmon and trout, although cheap and plentiful, are not so rich in flavour as those caught in English or Scotch rivers. Nevertheless, the pleasure of catching them is in much demand by wealthy Englishmen, to whom the fishing in many of the Norwegian streams is let at good prices from season to season.

Before leaving the subject of posting stations, and the treatment to be expected at them, the good folks in charge of these convenient stopping places deserve a general word of commendation for cleanliness, civility, and desire to oblige visitors. Should any traveller have reasonable cause of complaint, it may be notified in a day-book kept at each station for visitors' names. These records are periodically inspected by an officer of the Government, whose duty is to investigate complaints and rectify grievances. So far as charges and distances are concerned, there need be no dispute, as the first page of every day-book contains an official certificate of what is authorised to be paid to the nearest station in each direction, also how far it is distant. In giving the natives credit for courtesy and kindness, it should be explained that their politeness is not of the effusive sort, except with salutations. In these they are extremely ceremonious. Friendly Norwegians of every class never fail to raise their hats in token of greeting, no matter how often a man happens to meet or pass his acquaintances. Another point in which they are punctilious is that of shaking hands in acknowledgement of favours received. This habit is seldom neglected by the postboys, especially if indulged with any little gratuity over and above the regular fare for driving. Upon other occasions Norwegian courtesy is quiet and undemonstrative, as becomes a demure people. In cast of countenance they are generally serious, and sedate in manner. This solemnity and absence of sprightliness may be owing in some measure to the sombre mountains and wild gorges which form so impressive a feature of the land of the ancient Vikings.

J. D. S.

## PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP

WE always had so much to say,  
Our minds too ran the self-same way;  
I loved her as a sister,  
And so I never paused to think  
How near I stood upon the brink,  
When brother-like I kissed her.

We would each other's thoughts divine,  
For I stole hers, and she stole mine—  
She loved me like a brother.  
And this relation seemed to be  
So natural, that there was to me  
No need for any other.

We talked on subjects wide apart,  
Religion, science, fashion, art  
Dramatic, histrionic.  
In fact our friendship was, you see,  
Just what such friendships ought to be,  
Pure, simple, and platonic.

But once I found my tongue was tied,  
And she was silent at my side  
As summer skies above her.  
And so I took her by the hand,  
Saw that she, too, could understand  
How friend might change to lover.

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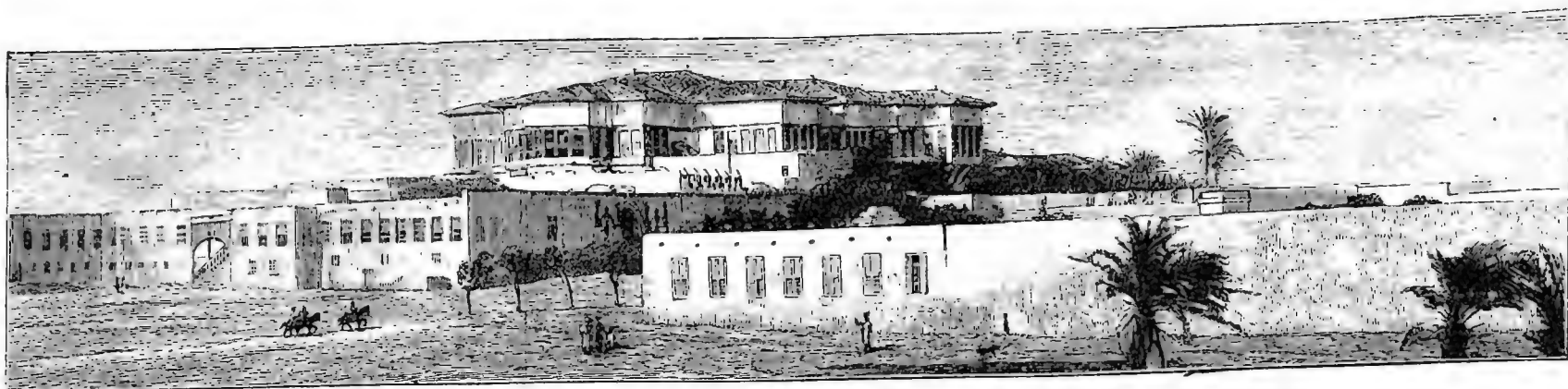
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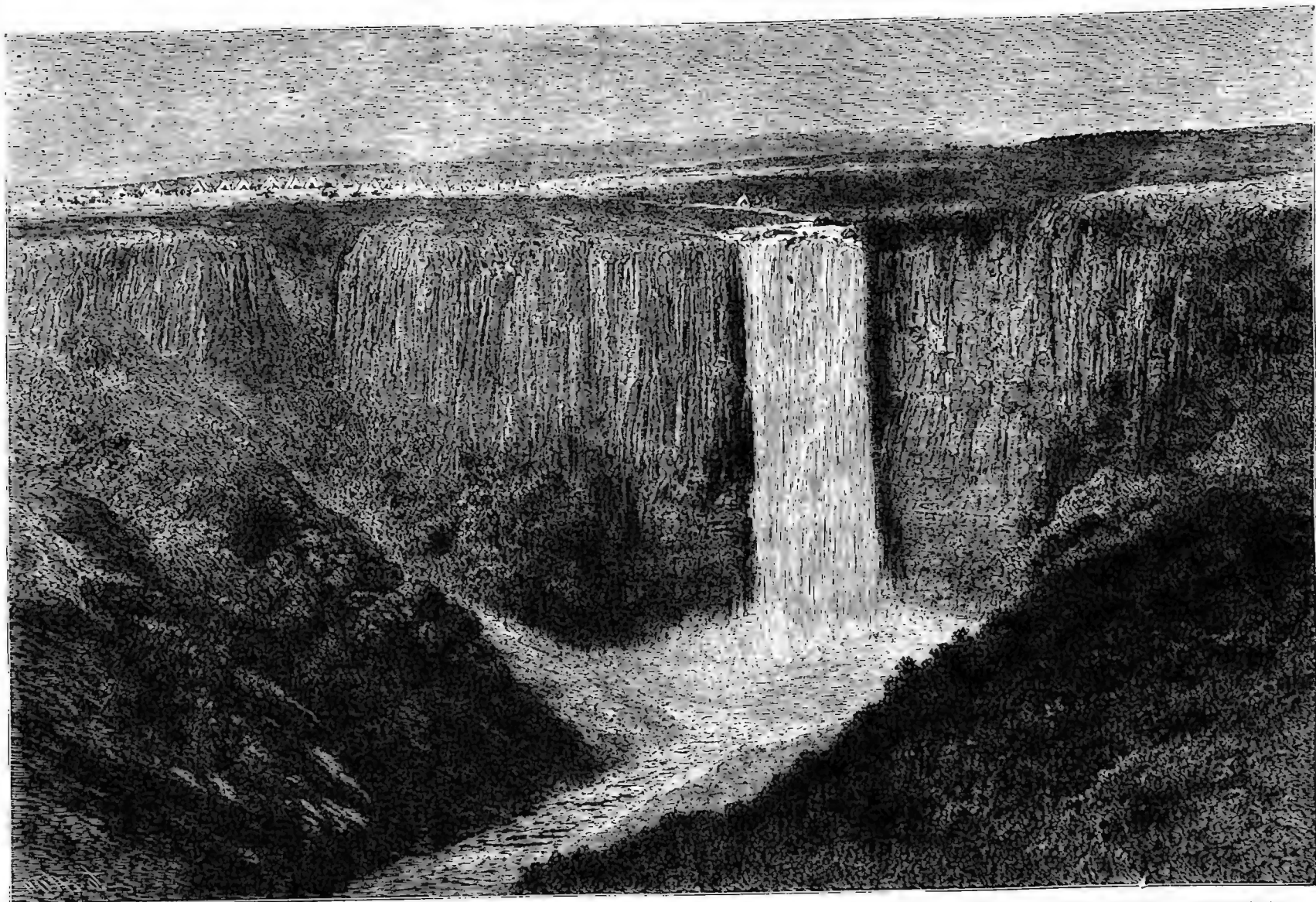
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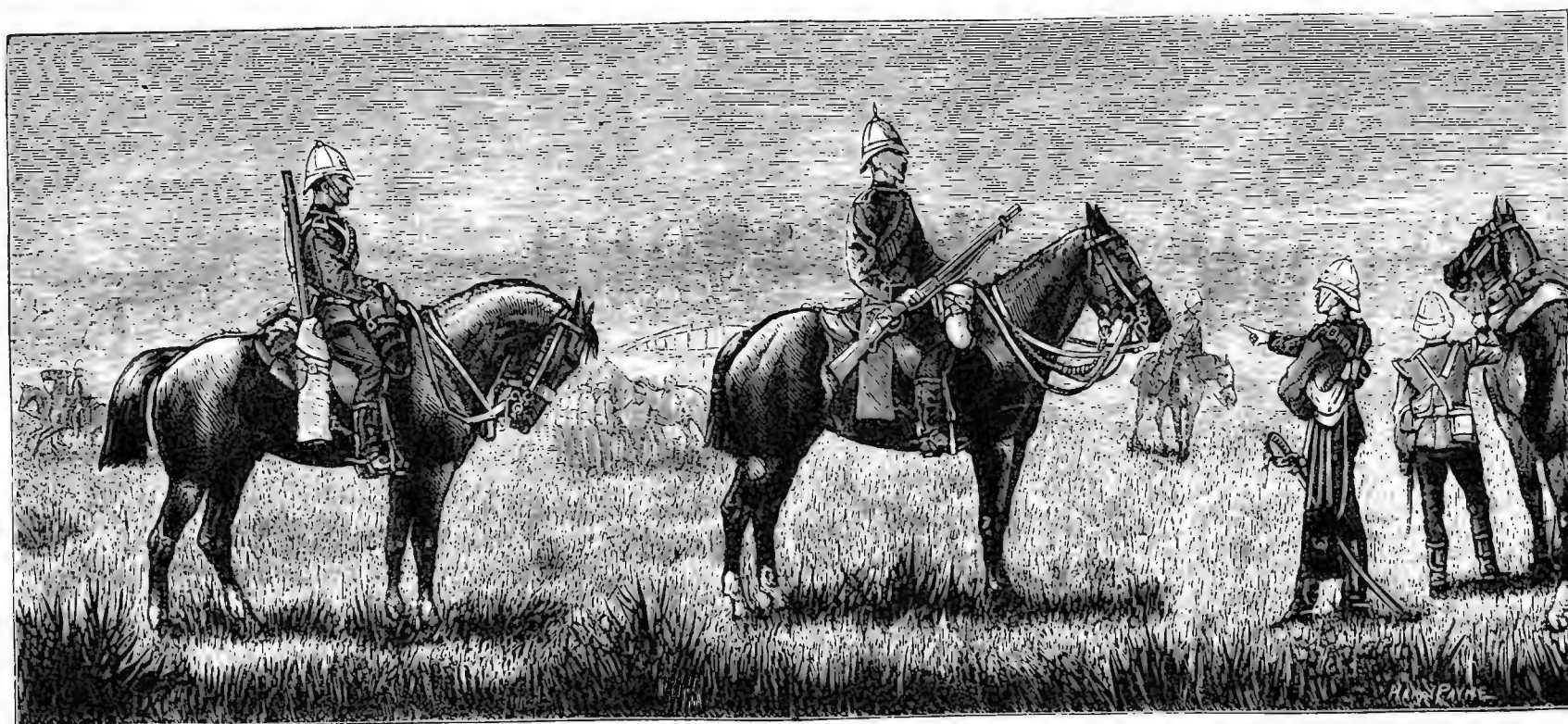




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The Lords made short work with the final stages of the Arrears Bill. A comparatively short sitting sufficed to pass it through the Committee stage, or, rather, to bring out from that stage what was left of the original structure of the Bill. Whatever else may be said of the conduct of the Lords, this celerity, contrasting so favourably with the dilatoriness of the Commons, seems above all praise. They might very easily have extended the Committee discussion through the greater part of the week. It is understood that there are many young peers anxious to distinguish themselves in the historic chamber. It was at their instance that, a few weeks ago, the time of meeting was altered, and the House, which had from time immemorial commenced its business at a quarter past five, buckled to at a quarter-past four. Perhaps if the young peers had had more experience of the world they would have suspected the readiness with which their leaders consented to this proposition. The inference, at least in the mind of the younger men, was that this extra hour would be assigned to them, and that, whereas formerly there was no time for them to speak before the dinner-hour, they might now find opportunity. Practically, what has happened has been that which took place on Monday night. In the event of a debate on a critical subject, the elder peers find that they have an hour more in which to talk. If it relate to a subject of minor importance it may be disposed of before dinner. The elder peers say what they have to say, and go away; whereupon the sitting lapses—with the practical result that noble lords get a little more time to dress for dinner.

On Monday, albeit the last day in July, the House was crowded, and about a score of ladies graced the scene. After a preliminary skirmish Lord Salisbury came on with his first resolution, which provides that the Arrears Act shall be put into operation only when the tenant has received the assent of the landlord. If the Bill were one for the relief of landlords this amendment might be reasonable. But seeing that it was designed for the benefit of the poorer classes of tenant, it was obvious that this amendment was not one that could be accepted by the promoters of the Bill. Accordingly, Lord Carlingford, who by reason of his experience of Irish affairs, gained when he was Mr. Chichester Fortescue, has taken charge of the Bill, plumply declared that if the amendment were carried the Government would regard the division as equivalent to a defeat on the second reading.

Battle was thus formally declared on either side, and there remained little of interest beyond the figures of the division. Nevertheless, some speeches of interest were made, one by the Marquis of Lansdowne, whose opposition last year to the Irish Land Bill had considerable influence on political opinion, and another by Lord Derby, who, whilst, as a great English landlord, he could not say much for the Bill, pointed out that, according to all parliamentary usage, opposition of this kind should have been taken on the second reading. Before the dinner hour the House divided, when the amendment was carried by 169 votes against 98, the latter figure, as was presently shown, being a remarkable muster for Liberals in the House of Lords.

Lord Salisbury's second amendment provided that on the next subsequent sale of a tenancy the arrears of rent not satisfied by payment under the provisions of the Act should be payable to the landlords out of the proceeds of the sale. Lord Salisbury, who does not mince matters, shortly and happily described this as "leaving a dormant mortgage upon the antecedent arrears." Only a bold man, as Lord Salisbury has proved himself to be, would have thus put a weapon into the hands of the enemy. To leave a dormant mortgage on an estate is an unpleasant thing under any circumstances. To do it under the Arrears Bill is to bring about the precise state of affairs the Bill is designed to remove. Rightly or wrongly, both Houses of Parliament have approved the main principle of the Bill, which is to whitewash the poorer tenants upon payment of a certain fine, and to give him a start in the world with a clean slate. To tie about their necks a dormant mortgage is plainly to defeat the purpose of the Bill. Here again the two sides joined issue, but the division being unexpectedly taken in the dinner hour the figures on both sides suffered a remarkable diminution. The Opposition mustered one hundred and twenty and the Ministerial only forty-five, amongst the absentees being Lord Granville, Lord Rosebery, and another Minister, who were placidly dining, under the impression that if they made haste and got back to the House by ten o'clock they would be in time for the division. On Tuesday the work was completed, the Bill being hurried through the remaining steps, and sent back to the Commons with these two great gaps in its structure.

The debate, more particularly on Monday night, was very good, though, of course, it was devoid of the interest which pertains to a conclusion hanging in the balance. Everybody knew what would be the result of the night's proceedings, and for all practical purposes noble lords might have been counted as they came in, and the division forthwith taken. But Lord Salisbury is always interesting, and he did not disappoint either on Monday or Tuesday. On Monday Lord Granville, with fine contempt of the whole proceedings, remained frigidly silent, whereby idlers at the bar lost the pleasure of witnessing the skilful and effective sword-play with which he meets the lunging attacks of Lord Salisbury. The event of the evening, not less appreciated because unexpected, was the Lord Chancellor's scathing outburst over Lord Brabourne. Possibly it would be difficult to move public sympathy for this noble lord. But his position is undoubtedly a painful one, though there is some reason to believe that he is happily insensible to its full sting. At first the Conservative Opposition, naturally enough, welcomed his flank attacks upon the party with whom he had been so long connected, and from whom he had received the reward of a peerage. But of late a disposition has been shown on the benches to the left of the Lord Chancellor to snub the too-eager proselyte. This exhibition of coldness has only had the effect of inciting Lord Brabourne to fresh proofs of fidelity to the cause newly espoused. Monday night appeared to present a favourable opportunity for giving fresh hostages, and accordingly, in a bitter speech, he attacked the work of the Government, with respect to whom, as he told the House of Lords the other day, amid scarcely suppressed laughter, if he had known whether their policy would have led them, he would not have accepted a peerage at the hands of Mr. Gladstone. As a rule the Lords form a chillingly unemotional audience. But whilst Lord Brabourne was speaking the House of Commons could scarcely have outdone the chorus of jeers and cries of impatience with which his interposition was greeted. When he sat down the Lord Chancellor rose, and, after reference to some previous speaker, turned upon Lord Brabourne as he sat on the cross-benches, and in stern language denounced his attempt to undermine the judicial machinery of the Land Act. The Sub-Commissioners were, the Lord Chancellor said, as honest and as honourable as if they belonged to that Great Party opposite, where was Lord Brabourne's proper place, though he elected to sit on the cross-benches. It is some years since the House of Lords was filled with such thunderous cheers as approved this outburst.

Whilst the Lords have thus been dealing with the Arrears Bill the Commons have been quietly making progress with Supply, and have made great advances. It is said that this expedition arose from

anxiety to wind up the financial business of the year so that everything might be in readiness for a Prorogation, supposing affairs reached a crisis in the conflict with the Lords. Next week the Arrears Bill will be back in the Commons. What will follow thereupon is well understood. An uncompromising resistance will be offered to Lord Salisbury's first amendment, whilst some modification of the second will be introduced. The Bill thus reinstated will go back to the Lords, and they will have the direction of the next and critical step.



## I.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for August is even more than usually rich in articles of varied interest. "England's Intervention in Egypt," could Mr. Dicey have his way, would end at once in high-handed annexation. "In all human likelihood this is our last chance without provoking a general war." Unfortunately the England of 1882 is very different from the England of Pitt, and all that Mr. Dicey can do now is to suggest that our next best step would be to make the Khédive a visible autocrat once more, slyly reserving for ourselves and our allies the power of checking him if he goes too far by insisting that every Egyptian Ministry shall contain a certain proportion of European members. With these precautions, and with the reduction of the army to a mere police force officered mainly by Europeans, affairs in Egypt may again run smoothly, though not quite so smoothly, Mr. Dicey thinks, as if the country were handed over to the exclusive Protectorate of Great Britain.—Mr. Godkin, in "An American View of Ireland," deals cleverly, and at the same time good-humouredly, with the sentimental side of Irish grievances. "The mere thought of having a man like Mr. Forster, an excellent Englishman of the pedagogic type, set over him, and charged with the duty of improving him, would set an American wild!" Can it be expected to have no maddening effect on a hot-blooded Irishman who has been taught from childhood that Englishmen as a class despise and hate him? All this of course is very neatly put. At the same time it will easily be seen that the sentimental grievance may be made too much of. If recent legislation brings prosperity of Ireland we strongly fancy her sensitiveness will decline in an inverse ratio to her new well-being.—Mr. Matthew Arnold in "Literature and Science" scores some good points against a common assertion of the scientist that "for real culture an exclusively scientific education is at least as effectual as an exclusively literary education." Such men, he holds, leave out of their account the constitution of human nature. The instinct for beauty and the instinct for conduct are as much parts of this as the instinct for knowledge. It is but an imperfect culture which provides only for this last, and nothing more even for this than an endless number of facts and processes.—Professor Macfarren pleads the cause of the old "Royal Academy of Music," of which Sterndale Bennett was for ten years student, and for other nine years Principal, with its accumulated renown of sixty years' good work, against its threatened rival, "the Proposed University of Music," from which Sir Julius Benedict bids us hope so much; and Lord Sherbrooke takes occasion of the Bradlaugh case to advocate the abolition of oaths in every instance. "What else is it," he somewhat pertinently asks, "to remind a man he is on his oath and must speak the truth, but to tell him by implication that a lie, unaccompanied by judicial formulas, is a very venial and insignificant affair?"

The rugged sincerity of Mr. Booth's plain account in the *Contemporary* of seventeen years "warfare" as General of the Salvation Army, imparts an interest to his statement of its aims and organisation independent of, and superior to, any literary skill. The old trite gospel of a real hell and of a real deliverance from the power of sin is still, it is clear, the most effective of all preachings, and the Salvation General is wise in his generation when he puts his trust in this, and "avoids, like poison, all controverted questions." Yet when we come with Miss Frances Cobbe and the Rev. R. T. Davison to measure results as carefully as we can, Mr. Booth's triumphs end, we think, in this, that he has undoubtedly reached many in that lowest stratum where missionary and Scripture-reader are usually baffled. With the secularist he has made no way at all; while beyond doubt the loose, irreverent phraseology; adopted in the first instance to allure the degraded, has all but destroyed the spirit of decent reverence alike in the friends and the opponents of the Army.—In "Canada and the North-West" the Rev. James Macgregor draws a glowing picture of the wealth of fertile land between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains in the thinly-peopled districts of Old Canada, or for which the immigrant, in many cases, has only to ask that he have—the sole condition being that he shall reside on it, and year by year bring a fixed proportion into cultivation. To take him to the land and keep him there until he can make a fair start has hitherto been the greatest difficulty, and this, as Mr. Macgregor shows, can easily be effected by "colonising companies"—part capitalists, part labourers—the former to take up large tracts of land, and the latter to pay their way at first by receiving wages.

The *Cornhill* for August is scarcely so good all round as usual, though one or two papers are very good indeed. "From the Heart of the World"—a ramble by the side of one of the rare "becks" which flow from the Lincolnshire uplands to the sea—is altogether an exceptionally delightful sketch of scenes and characters by word and pen, of the quaint survivals of old words and customs, the relics here and there of crumbling ruins, and, above all, the distinctive features of a landscape where the east wind holds undisputed sway, but where a native finds a special charm in that which strangers speak of as its monotony. The "Brethren of Deventer" tells very interestingly the story of that "Brotherhood of the Common Life" which was among the earliest *avant-couriers* of the Renaissance movement in Northern Europe, though long before that movement reached high-water mark Deventer had done its best work, and was already beginning to be merged in the obscure multitude of conventual institutions. "Talk and Talkers" dilates most pleasantly and with infinite power of observant humour on the gifts and defects of women as conversationalists.

In *Temple Bar* "Reminiscences of the Crimean War" contain some vivid sketches of the fight at Inkerman, and curious anecdotes of after-scenes among the wounded. A critique of Froude's "Carlyle" is very readable; and "Letters from Constantinople" should be turned over, were it only for the striking narrative of the great fire at Pera in 1870.

In *Macmillan* Mr. Shorthouse's second novelette, "The Baroness Helena von Saarfeld," is, perhaps, even a more finished study than its predecessor, but the springs of action are still more hard to follow, and the faultless nobility of all the characters becomes in the end a little irritating.—Mr. Leach describes vividly the countless quarrels—splitting every village and commune into two hostile camps—which have followed on the ill-advised action of the *parti-prêtre* in "The Educational Question in Belgium;" and Sir E. Strachey contributes a good account of the negotiations in which England, by inducing both parties to consent to "the neutralisation of Luxembourg," contrived to put off the Franco-Prussian war for two years longer.

To *Fraser* Mr. F. R. Conder sends a clever paper with a lengthy title, "The Contention Between the Carriers and Manufacturers of Great Britain." "The attempt to carry heavy transports by the most expensive routes" is, he maintains, the great mistake of our traffic managers. Canals should be utilised, not obstructed, as

auxiliaries for the heavy goods which it does not pay to convey quickly.—Karl Blind in "Personal Recollections About Garibaldi" gives some curious revelations of the secret intrigues through which the hero of Italian independence had to break his way in 1860 and 1862.

In the *North American* Mr. Archibald Forbes has an interesting paper on "The United States Army," where the pay and the retiring allowances would surprise any European War Office by their liberality, but where also there are no idle hands, and a full day's work is rigorously exacted for a full day's pay; and Dr. White writes ably on the possibility of diminishing drought over the waterless area between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains by sinking "Artesian Wells in the Great Plains."

Under the title of "Some Western Resorts," Mr. J. A. Butler contributes to *Harper* a charmingly-illustrated account of some most attractive holiday places—already it seems popular in their own neighbourhood, but as yet almost completely unknown outside—along the southern shores of Lake Superior. Mr. Higginson has a good paper on those Pueblo Indians of Mexico and Yucatan, who may fairly perhaps be called "The First Americans;" and Mr. B. Phillips an amusing story of a pleasant holiday trip, "The Cruise of the Nameless."

In the *Century* "An Aboriginal Pilgrimage" is a capital account of a visit of the Zuni chiefs—whose pueblo was described in its pages a month or two ago—to the great cities of the Atlantic seaboard. Miss Fenn contributes some pretty pen and pencil sketches of those Border-lands of Surrey where George Eliot wrote "Middlemarch," and where now the Laureate has his pleasant residence. Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse gracefully describes "Some English Artists and their Studies;" and a fine portrait of Wagner is fitly accompanied by a skilled critique ("How Wagner makes Operas") of his work as a composer.

In the *Atlantic*, "Studies in the South" continue their really valuable descriptions of Blacks and Whites under the new régime.—The delightful "Dr. Zay" ends pleasantly and naturally.—"London Pictures and London Plays" contain some keen but not ill-natured criticism of recent work at the Grosvenor and the Academy.—A thoroughly readable paper, by F. Gale, on "Cricket," old and new, well illustrated by portraits of Bowyer and of Beldham; a good short article on "Old London Inns;" and a pleasant sketch of the "Old Battle Ground" where Marlborough won the dubious victory of Malplaquet, make the padding of the August number of *Time* at the least as attractive as its serials.

Good Words, with some interesting anecdotes of Garibaldi, by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, and "Fuinny," a really charming memoir of a famous Highland minister, the late Dr. John Macleod,—the giant "High-Priest of Morven," as men used to call him—by his nephew, the Editor; the *New Monthly*, with some full descriptions of certain "Great Companies and Trading Firms;" and *Household Words*, with its store of domestic recipes, may all, but more especially the first-named, be recommended to the reader.



THE SEASON.—Fine weather never came more opportunely than it has done this year, when farmers' hopes had already fallen low. We now hear, however, from Scotland, that an abundant harvest is expected there about the third week in August; oats especially, and these in Scotland are the staple growth, promising to exceed an average yield. In England, early fields are being cut; all three cereals being fairly level in growth this year. The yield will be decidedly unequal, but the ears of wheat have filled out better than was anticipated, and oats may exceed an average. Barley, we fear, will be under standard.

AGRICULTURAL TENANTS' COMPENSATION.—The Select Committee of the House of Commons have announced their preference for Mr. Chaplin's Bill over that of Sir T. Acland. The Bill of the Member for Lincolnshire will, accordingly, form the basis of proceedings, which, however, are not likely this year to go beyond the formal recommendation. What that amounts to may be learnt from the manner in which the Administration have treated recommendations to appoint a Minister of Agriculture, an officer which we are behind all the great Continental Powers in not possessing.

LEICESTERSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SHOW has just been held, and may fairly be pronounced a success. A prize-list of 1,250£ attracted a large number of entries; namely, 295 horses, 62 cattle, 91 sheep, 30 pigs, 422 poultry, 20 bees, and 11 cheese. The hunters included many noted animals, and the judges were a long time coming to a decision. The award finally fell to Mr. J. Sturdy, of Tamworth. The sheep and cattle were of special quality, and so high-class a show altogether has seldom been got together. Mr. Paget, M.P., General Burnaby, M.P., and Mr. A. Pell, M.P., were present at the Exhibition, and spoke at the "Show" luncheon.

THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have just held their Triennial Show at Cheltenham, where there was a very good attendance. The show of bunting, triumphal arches, and decorations in the town was very pleasing. About one thousand pounds were offered in prizes. Shorthorns were well represented, the horses were very good, the flower-show proved a source of great attraction, and the Wiltshire Beekeepers' Association were well to the fore. Fine weather helped to make the meeting a very pleasant one.

THE BEDFORDSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY held their eighty-first annual Show a few days ago, the place chosen being Luton. In cattle some grand animals were shown. There was a keen competition in the principal classes for bulls, and the show of cows was good. The Channel Islands cattle attracted that attention which their gracefulness so eminently merits. The pens of sheep were numerous, and the quality excellent, the competition in nearly every class being keen. The principal prize-winners were Mr. J. Howard, M.P., and Mr. C. Magniac, M.P., in cattle, and Mr. J. J. Sharpe, Mr. F. Allwood, and Mr. G. Street in sheep classes.

SHOW SHEEP.—The enemies of shams are now involved in a crusade against sheep-colouring—that is, the ochreing or the whitening the fleeces of show animals. Colouring, however, is innocent compared with trimming. Good hands at trimming make over five shillings a day thereby. Hampshire and Wiltshire are pre-eminently the trimmers' counties, but a smooth and even surface on show sheep is desired and obtained by many Southdown and Oxfordshire Down breeders. The long-wool men are content with snipping off the long ends of the strands of wool; but the object of regular trimming is not tidiness, but to conceal lumps, and make an ill-formed sheep look as level as a table.

HIGHWAYS.—A new Highway Act has just become law. The power to rate and compound has been extended to the owners of small tenements instead of the occupiers. There is a provision in the statute to maintain milestones and to fence and protect the same, the expense to be charged on the highway rate.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The new Corn Exchange buildings at Ipswich, erected at a cost of 22,000£, were opened last week when the town was *en fête*.—Ilanwell Horse Show proved an unequivocal success. No fewer than 288 horses were shown, and over 3,000 visitors passed the turnstiles. The driving classes, limited to ladies, were most keenly contested, and the whole exhibition proved one of the most brilliant yet held.



MARRIAGE.

On the 2nd inst., at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, by the Very Reverend Provost Gildea, assisted by the Rev. W. A. S. Merewether, M.A., Curate of St. George's, Colonel Sir OWEN WILLIAM LANYON, K.C.M.G., second surviving son of Sir CHARLES LANYON, of the Abbey, County Antrim, to FLORENCE, youngest daughter of J. M. LEVY, Esq., of 51, Grosvenor Street, W.

DEATHS.

On the 28th July, 1882, after five days' illness, Mr. JAMES MURPHY, of Maiden Lane and Southwark Bridge Road, aged fifty-nine. Greatly respected.

On the 30th ult., at 8, Percy Street, Bloomsbury, EMILY GODFREY DURAND, aged 27, the beloved wife of GODFREY DURAND, Esq.

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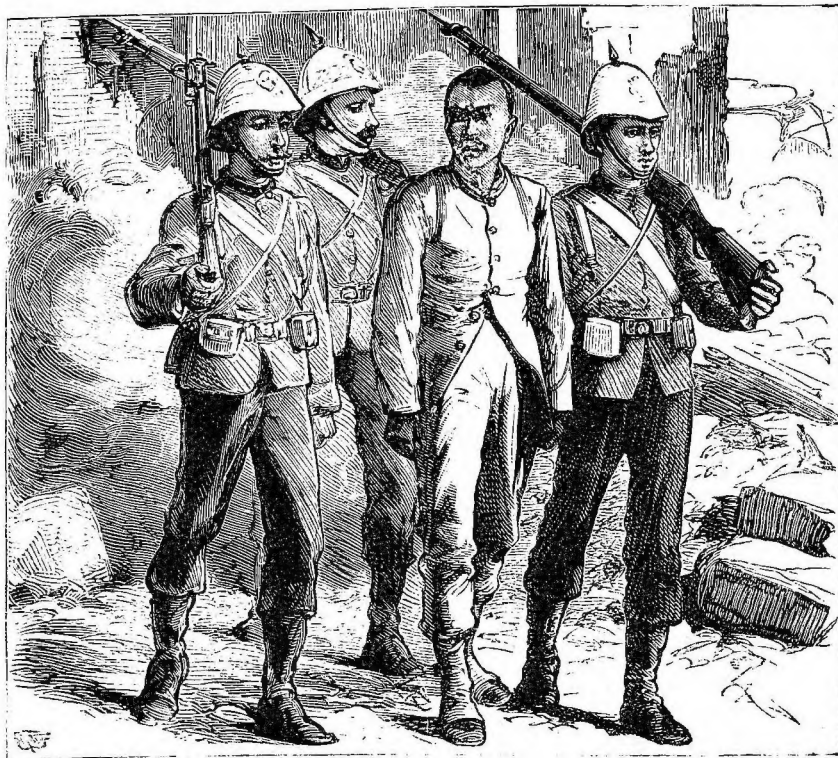
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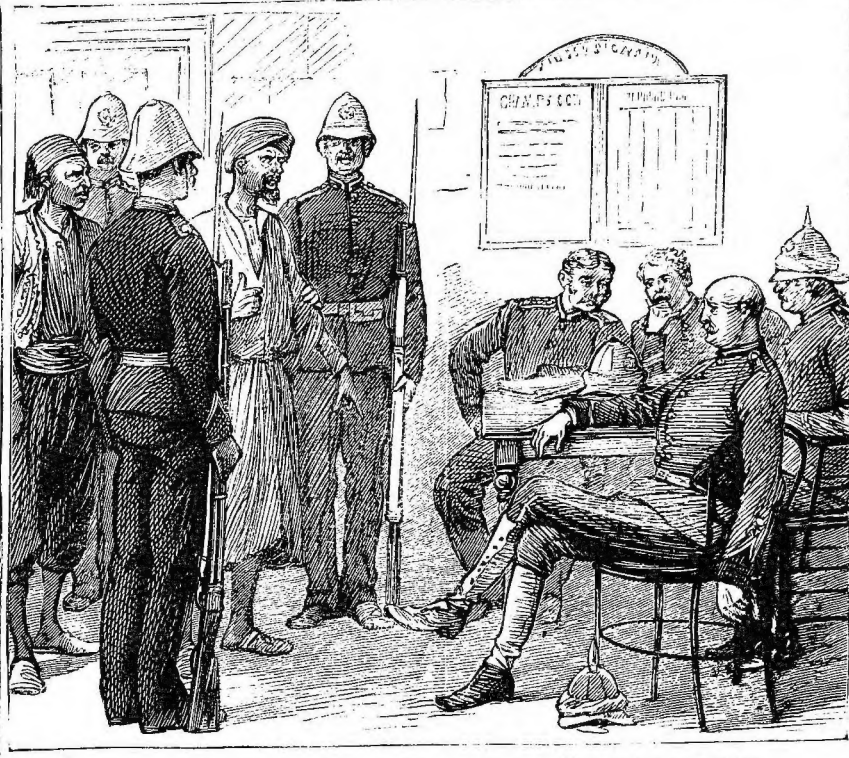








THE LAST EGYPTIAN GUNNER IN FORT ADA, TAKEN PRISONER BY THE MARINES



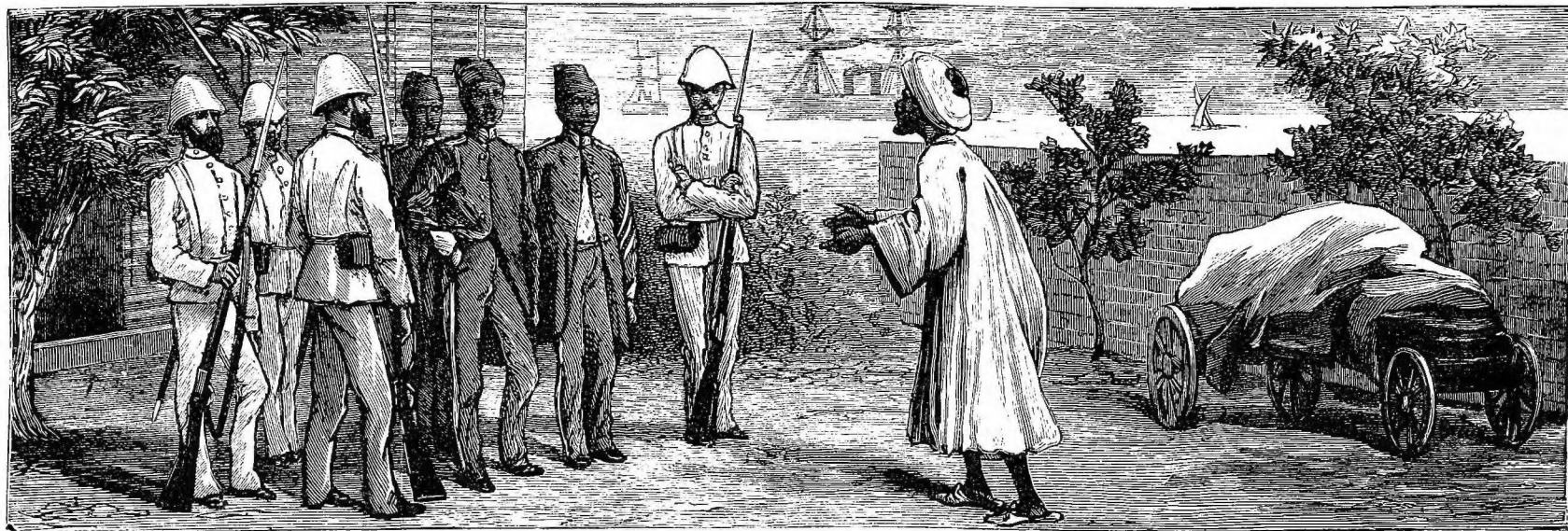
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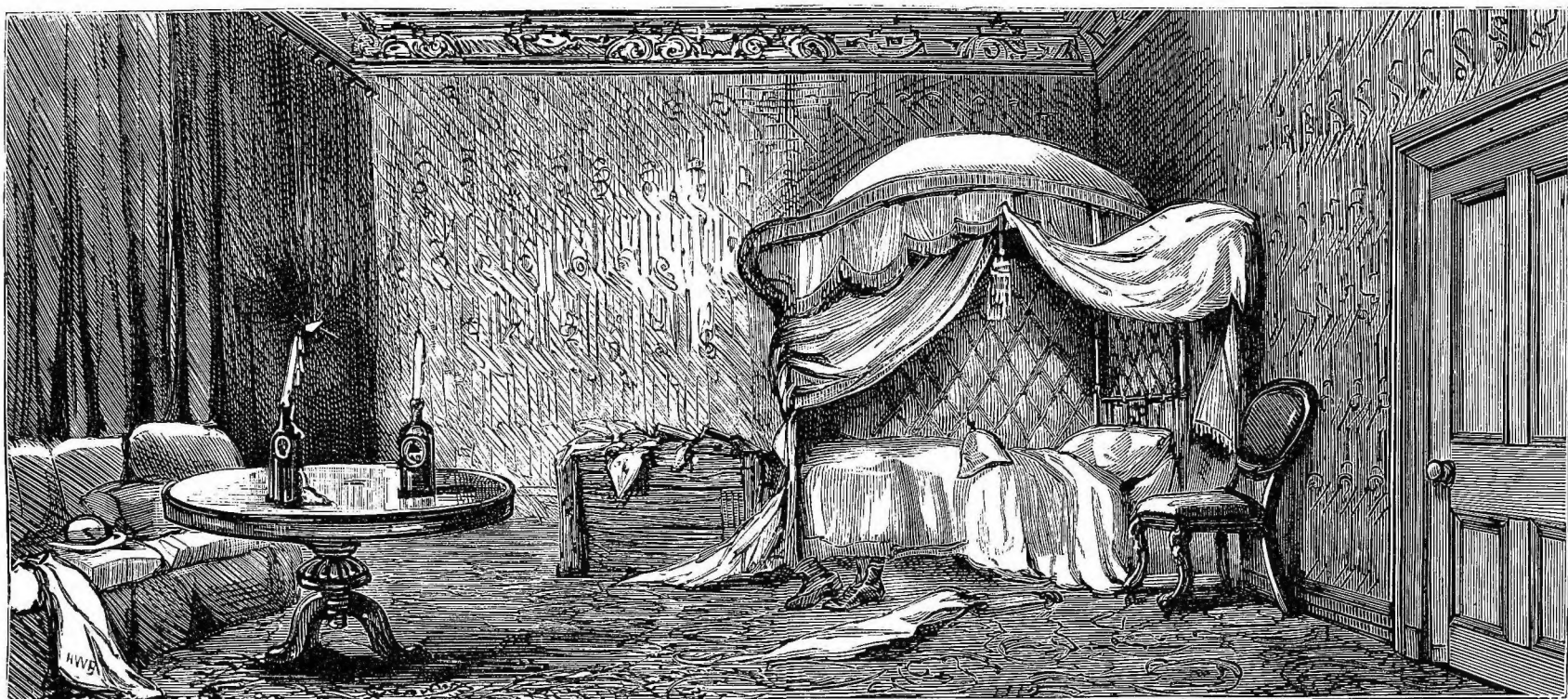


THE WAR IN EGYPT: INSPECTION OF FIRST LIFE GUARDS AND ROYAL HORSE GUARDS BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ALBANY STREET BARRACKS—THE PRINCESS OF WALES SHAKING HANDS WITH THE OFFICERS

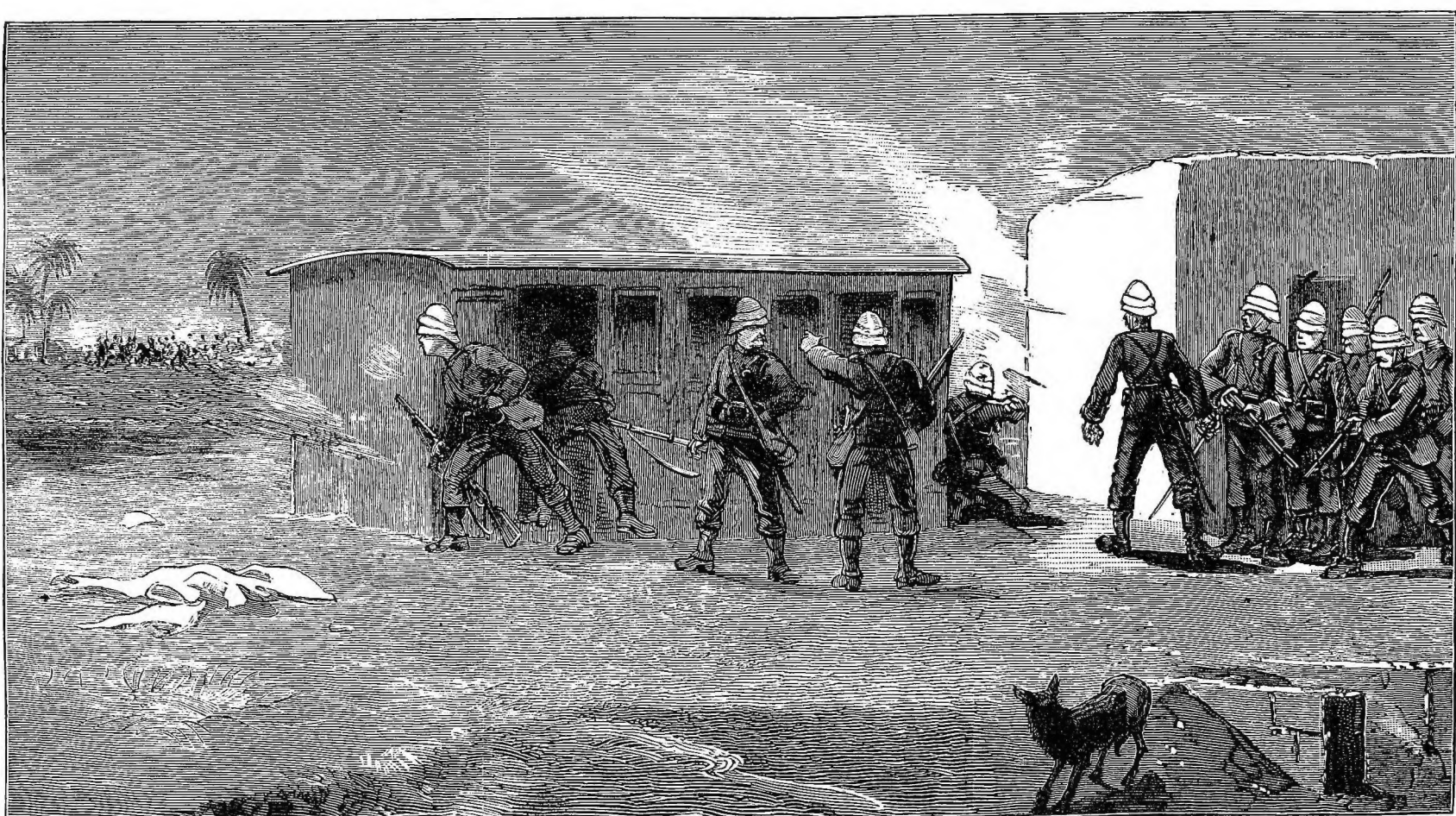




EGYPTIAN PRISONERS IN THE ARSENAL.  
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A SKIRMISH WITH ARABI'S CAVALRY ON THE MAHMOUDIYEH CANAL, NEAR ALEXANDRIA  
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